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THE GIFT OF THE WAVES.

BY RITA.

I stand alone in th' gath'ring night
That is falling sure and swift,
I watch the foam-crests softly white
And the tangled weeds that drift—
That drift and hide with th' rolling tide
As it sports with Ocean's gift.

The white sails gleam on a darkening sea,
Like the flash of bird's white plume—
Is there never a sail spread out for me
Away in that shrouding gloom,
O love, O love, as I wait for thee
While the sad waves sound thy doom!

O cruel waves! O heedless waves!
They rolled to my weary feet;
And the dirge they sang in my sad ears rang
Like a voice that has once been sweet,
While the night came on and pale moon shone
Through the mist and the drifting sleet.

But is showed me only a broken spar
And a form so still and cold,
And a dear dead face with the winning grace
And the winning smile of old.

* * * * *

Yet my clinging arms all vainly greet
The form they now enfold.
O dear lost love, it is thus we meet
Where once our love was told!

INEZ;

—OR.—

LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a pretty and picturesque scene upon which the June sunbeams fell one bright Summer morning some few years ago.

Out upon the lawn of Severnoke Castle stood a young girl, just in the first spring-tide of youth. There was something in the brightness of her face that harmonized with the beauty of the day.

It was a picture that an artist would have immortalized,—the variety of flowers of every color that diversified the green grass of the lawn, and the golden sunbeams that lit up the scene. The centre figure, which seemed to concentrate the light and brightness, was that of the young girl, Florence, the only child of Lord Wyverne. A plain morning dress of white muslin showed to advantage the slender girlish figure. The rippling golden hair was simply tied with a blue ribbon; the lovely half-childish face was a poem complete in itself. It was a face that changed with every thought—one moment gay and bright, in another thoughtful and sad. There was a passion and deep feeling, and a quaint kind of imperious, half-wilful look that charmed even more than the regular features or the violet eyes.

Lady Florence was wilful. The friends who admired most and loved her best admitted it. She had been spoiled all her life—had known no law, no will, save her own. The petted darling of the household, no angry word, no well merited rebuke, no lecture, ever fell to the lot of Lord Wyverne's daughter. Her very faults were smiled at, as being part of her pretty, wilful, fascinating manner, that no one wished to see changed. She was a fair picture—a type of English beauty, as she stood this summer morning. In her dainty white hands she held some pieces of bread with which she was regaling a magnificent peacock that was exhibiting his airs and graces in the sun.

"You will spoil that bird, Lady Florence; you flatter him too much," said a clear voice; and the young girl started as she heard the words.

"Good morning, Mr. Lynne," she said, without turning round. "If my bird is proud, you must at least own that he has something to be proud of."

The young man sat down to watch the process of feeding the peacock and the pretty tame white doves; and then it was that the picture became beautiful. There was the slightest and prettiest air of embarrassment in the young girl's face as his eyes followed her every movement, although she affected to be quite unaware of his close observation. She revenged herself, however, by making little speeches to the birds which were intended for him.

These little symptoms were not unnoted, for at the window of the breakfast room, which opened upon the lawn, stood Lord Wyverne himself, watching, with an eager and scrutinizing glance, the faces of his daughter and his guest.

With one look at Lord Wyverne's face, his history was told. Years of wild disorder, unbridled indulgence in vice and folly, had left unmistakable traces. The bent figure, the dimmed eyes, the furrowed brow, the trembling hands, told their own tale. Lord Wyverne was not much above fifty, yet he was an old man. He was wont to boast that he had seen more of life in his fifty years than other men had in a hundred. Most probably that was true. He had spent a noble fortune. When it was all gone, he married an heiress, and in the course of a few years he spent her fortune also. Lady Wyverne died, the doctors said of heart disease, her friends said of despair, leaving an only child, Florence.

Ruined in fortune, shattered in health, soiled and wearied of the world in which he could no longer play his favorite part, Lord Wyverne gave up his town house and came to live upon the estate he had so long neglected.

It is not a pleasant picture to gaze upon, this ruined spendthrift, this possessor of a noble name, the descendant of a noble race, who had bartered honor, character, and fortune, for mere pleasure. There were times when he turned in disgust even from himself; and such a moment was the present, as he stood watching his daughter's face, and trying to understand its expression.

"It would do, charmingly," he muttered to himself. "She would be Lady Lynne; and it would not matter so much that I have not a penny to leave her."

"There is papa at the window," cried the young girl. "He is waiting breakfast for us, I suppose. Pray tell him, Mr. Lynne," she said, as the young man rose, "that I will be there in three minutes. 'Try,'" she added, softly, "and be more amiable to papa than you are to my bird and to me."

Mr. Lynne looked half bewildered, and stood for a moment as though inclined to dispute the charge; but she gave him a saucy little mutinous smile, that sent him to breakfast in an unusual state of mind.

Lord Wyverne still stood at the window. He did not leave it while his guest exchanged greetings with him. There was a wistful look on his worn worldly face.

"Have I rested well?" he said, in reply to the young man's inquiries. "Yes, as well as I can do with the remembrance of a life time of folly strong upon me. I do not like my nights, Philip. In the day-time I can disperse my ghosts,—the ghosts of lost years; but in the night they draw round me, and do not let me rest. I have been thinking as I stood here that perhaps it is not too late to begin even now to do something better. Do you know what would happen to Florence if I were to die?"

"No," replied Mr. Lynne, looking at him with surprise.

"Why, she would be left penniless," said his lordship—"poorer than even the poorest housemaid in the kitchen,—literally and truly penniless. I have got through every farthing of her mother's fortune. I have lost five thousand pounds in one night's play. There is nothing left now but the entailed estate; and Floy, poor child, will receive no benefit from that. I ought to have saved money for her," he added, despondingly.

"It is a strange position for her to be placed in," said Philip Lynne, gravely.

"You would say so if you knew how she has been reared—like some queen regnant," said Lord Wyverne. "She has been mistress of Severnoke ever since she was old enough to walk; and there are few places in England to compare to it. Just imagine being penniless after reigning here!"

"It will not be so bad as you think," said Philip, anxious to console him. "There will be some provision found for her."

"I tell you if I died to-morrow she would not have sixpence," said his lordship. "I looked my affairs in the face yesterday, the first time for many years, and if anything happens to me, Lady Florence Wyverne will be neither more nor less than a beggar."

"But she has friends," interrupted Mr. Lynne.

"What are they worth?" said Lord Wyverne, with a sneer. "I know the world. Of all those who have flattered and sought her now, how many do you think will even remember her name after I am gone?"

"I for one," began Philip, warmly. "I have long wished to say——"

"A telegram, my lord," interrupted a footman, who entered the room hurriedly, and presented Lord Wyverne with one of those unmistakable folded papers, always the harbingers of sorrow or joy.

"It is not for me," said Lord Wyverne, looking at it. "It is for you, Mr. Lynne,—no bad news I hope."

"My uncle is ill—dying," said the young man. "I must go at once. How can I get from here to Lynnewolde?"

"Drive to the station and take the train to Bathurst,—that's the quickest way," said Lord Wyverne. "He has not been ill long, has he?"

"I have not heard from him for some months," replied Mr. Lynne, who had grown pale, and looked half bewildered. "The telegram is from my cousin, Ines Lynne. It says, 'Lord Lynne is ill—dying, we fear. He wishes to see you. Come at once.'"

"How did they know where to find you?" asked Lord Wyverne.

"I wrote to my uncle three days ago," replied Philip, and Lord Wyverne noted the warm color that flushed his face.

"What a solemn council! I never saw the owls in committee, but even they could not look wiser," said Florence, whose bright face smiled in at them from the window. "Pray, do be like ordinary mortals," she continued. "How can I make tea or coffee for gentlemen who look as though the world depended on their next word?"

"Hush, Floy," said Lord Wyverne. "Mr. Lynne has had news. Lord Lynne is ill."

"I am so sorry," said Florence, as her face changed. "Pray forgive me, Mr. Lynne. I never dreamed there was anything serious. What can we do?"

"Nothing at present," said Lord Wyverne. "Give Mr. Lynne a cup of tea, while I order the carriage. I will go down to the station with you myself," he added, turning to Philip, and then he left them alone.

"I am so grieved, Mr. Lynne," said Florence; "bad news always seems to me doubly sorrowful, coming on such a bright, beautiful day as this. Half an hour ago, while we were so careless and happy out in the garden there, how little we thought what was coming for you!"

She held out the cup of tea, and Philip drank it hastily; he could not eat, and she watched him wistfully as he pushed the plate away.

"Are you very grieved?" she asked, suddenly.

"Yes," he replied. "I should esteem Lord Lynne very much. I should grieve to lose him; and if he dies, all my life will be so terribly changed! The first trouble is, that I have to leave Severnoke and you."

"But you will come again?" she said, eagerly.

"Yes, I shall come again," he replied, "that is, if I can do so."

Philip finished his tea in silence, and Florence watched him with a wistful look on her beautiful girlish face.

"You will be ill before you reach Lynnewolde," she said, "unless you try to eat something. Let me persuade you to try."

"I would do anything at your request," he replied, "but to eat just now is impossible. You do not know—you cannot understand what the shock is to me. My thoughts were so full of something so very different. I feel lost and bewildered, and unlike myself."

He drew near her as he spoke, and held out his hand to say adieu.

"I shall never forget this pleasant visit, Lady Florence," he continued. "I have been happier than I ever was in all my life before. I only regret that it ends so abruptly."

There was no mistaking the young girl's face; the warm color that mounted to her white brow, the trembling lips, the shy, drooping eye. If ever a face told a love story it was Florence Wyverne's in that moment when she turned away lest Philip should read too clearly what she could not help showing. He looked at her with a half-mournful smile. The bright, dainty, wilful beauty, whom no one had ever yet tamed, shrunk timidly from him.

"Florence," he resumed, "if I——"

The sentence was never finished; for at that moment Lord Wyverne entered the room hastily, saying that the carriage was waiting.

"Good bye," said Philip to the young girl, "my regret at leaving you is lessened by the hope of being allowed to see you soon again."

If Philip Lynne could but have foreseen where and how he would see that beautiful young girl next—if she had known how many years would pass before her hand touched his again—before she would see his face or hear his voice, she would not have parted with him so cheerfully.

Twice that morning Philip Lynne had been on the point of proposing for Lady Florence,—once to her father, and once to herself; but each time a sudden and accidental interruption prevented the words from being spoken that would have bound him to her for life. In after years he wondered much what his life would have been had he quitted Severnoke Castle as the betrothed husband of Florence Wyverne.

There was not much time for thought. In two minutes after Philip Lynne had said good-bye to Lord Wyverne's daughter he was on his way to the station.

It was not until Philip was seated in the train that he had time to review at leisure the events that had happened, and to speculate upon the future that lay before him.

CHAPTER II.

IT was not a very eventful life that Philip Lynne reviewed on that summer morning as he travelled from Severnoke to Bathurst,—a calm, happy life of twenty years' duration, neither brightened by vivid sunshine nor darkened by violent storms. His home had been a peaceful one—no dark, dull care brooded over it; but he remembered how his parents had struggled to keep up appearance, and to maintain the dignity of their name and race.

His father was the youngest and only surviving brother of Lord Lynne. He was not a wealthy man. He had but a younger brother's portion, and that was not a large one. He married a lady who, well-born and beautiful, had no fortune; and their union proved a very happy one, although they had been obliged to economize and deny themselves sometimes even the comforts of life in order that they might live as became the Lord Lynne of Lynnewolde.

There are not many older families in England than the Lynnes. In the earliest history of the kingdom they figured largely in nearly every reign. One of the bravest knights who served that brave king, Edward the First, was Hubert Lynne of the Wolde, as their house was then called. Stephen Lynne fought with the Black Prince, and added fresh laurels to his name. Henry the Fifth had no braver or better soldier than Bertrand the Strong, Lord of Lynne. In the Wars of the Roses they fought and distinguished themselves. A Lynne helped to win the battle of Bosworth Field. At the Field of the Cloth of Gold a Lynne was amongst the handsomest and most gallant knights. The great maiden Queen visited Lynnewolde, where she received the homage of the then Lord Lynne. When Charles the First came from his prison cell to the scaffold, a Lynne stood near his royal mas-

ter, and would gladly have died in his place. When the "Merrie Monarch" was welcomed to his throne, none received him more joyously than the Lord of Lynne, who had expended nearly all his wealth in the service of his *debonnaire* sovereign.

But from that time the glory of the Lynnes faded. Whether they were fully impoverished through the immense sums raised by Richard, Lord of Lynne, for the benefit of his royal master, or whether their zeal died with the Stuarts, none can say; but from the reign of Charles the Second there is no more mention of them,—at least in public history. In the private annals of the family there is a record of each Lord Lynne who lived and died at Lynnewolde.

The present Lord Lynne had succeeded to the title when very young. His father had been a wild, reckless man; and the once great wealth of the family had nearly all vanished when Stephen Lynne took possession of the estate. Nothing, in fact, remained of their once large possessions, except Lynnewolde. He married twice. His first wife was a beautiful Spanish lady, who was never seen in his stately English home. Her portrait was in the picture gallery; but she had not lived to shine as she would have done, fairest among the peeresses of England. She died in Spain one year after her marriage, leaving one little girl an infant a few days old.

Stephen, Lord Lynne, married again,—not a beauty this time, but a gentle English girl, one of the wealthiest heiresses of the day. She also had one daughter; but a son, the wish of Lord Lynne's heart, was not given to him. Lady Lynne loved her husband; she was very happy; and at her death left the whole of her large fortune to him, giving him the power to do what he would with it.

Lynnewolde had been restored to more than its ancient grandeur, and Lord Lynne was known to be a wealthy nobleman; still many people wondered how it would be with the heir of the Lynnes. The title he must have,—Lynnewolde too, for it was entailed; but a title and a large house are not sufficient for a man to live upon; and many wondered whether Philip would inherit his uncle's money as well as his name.

Perhaps some such thoughts crossed the young heir's mind even now as he drew near Lynnewolde. Philip knew well what the want of money was. When his father died, he heard his mother say in the midst of her grief that anxiety had shortened his life; he had known no other care than want of money, want of means sufficient for keeping up the position he thought himself entitled to. His life had been a struggle, and when his son gazed upon his dead face and heard his mother's words, it was no wonder that a strong conviction of the need and value of money crept into his heart. He tried not to think of that now, but to remember the errand he was upon, the dying man who wished to see him, and the two fair young daughters who would be left orphans if the worst happened and his uncle died. He remembered the last time he was at Lynnewolde,—Lord Lynne was well and healthy then, and his cousin Agatha had talked to him of nothing else but her sister Inez, that half-Spanish sister who had never seen her English home. She was expected there daily, and Philip felt some curiosity as to what she would be like. If she were one half as beautiful as her mother, he knew she would create a sensation, even in a country where beautiful faces are not rare. He had never seen her, this strange cousin, this Inez Lynne who had telegraphed for him.

Then his thoughts flew back to Florence Wyverne, whom twice that morning he had been on the point of asking to be his wife.

Bathurst was reached at last, and there Philip found the carriage waiting to take him to Lynnewolde.

"How is Lord Lynne?" he asked of the footman, who helped to find his luggage, and seemed anxious to hurry him away as soon as possible.

"He was no better when I left, sir," said the man. "Miss Lynne begged you would make all possible speed, for my lord has been asking for you all day."

"Why did they not send for me sooner?" he inquired.

"My lord was as well as you, sir, on Tuesday morning," replied the servant. "He was taken ill on Tuesday night with a kind of fit, and he has never spoken since except to ask for you; and then Miss Lynne telegraphed at once. It is Thursday to day; he has been ill three days."

"And he is in danger?" asked Philip.

"When I left home, sir," said the man, "Miss Lynne told me to return as quickly as I could, for it was life or death."

It was not a very long drive from Bathurst to Lynnewolde. The coachman did not spare his horses, and in less time than he thought it possible, Philip saw the dark masses of wood that surround the house.

Lynnewolde has undergone so many alterations and improvements that no trace of the old house exists. It is now a stately, magnificent mansion, with turrets and gable ends, and oriel windows, with park and pleasance, garden, lawn, and lake. The stately trees that surround it are noted for their age and beauty; that grand old cedar in the midst of the lawn is said to be the finest in England, and Lord Lynne was prouder of it than of all Lynnewolde.

The carriage drove slowly up the long avenue of chestnut trees. The hall door was flung wide open when Philip alighted, and the old butler, together with some of the other servants, stood ready to receive him.

"How is he?" cried Philip eagerly. "How is Lord Lynne?"

"He is dead, my lord," was the grave reply. "He died half an hour ago."

While he lived, Philip could never describe the sensation, the impression those few words made upon him. He had known for many years that at some future time he should be Lord Lynne, but it had always seemed to him a remote contingency; he had not built upon it. He had never attempted to realize the time when Lynnewolde would be his, and he should be Lord Lynne. It came to him now with a sudden shock that seemed to divide him at once from his past life, and open a wonderful future to him. Like one in a dream, he followed the man, who showed him to his room.

"I wish to be alone for a short time," he said, "and then I will see Miss Lynne."

He felt it needful that he should be alone. He wanted to realize his position—to feel at home in it, before the scrutinizing eyes of the world were upon him.

Only three hours ago he was poor, comparatively obscure, and was beginning to lose himself in a pleasant love-dream. It was only three hours since he stood with Florence Wyverne, trying to read the secret of her blushing face and shy, sweet eyes. Yet it seemed to him that he had lived a life since then. He was in a new world.

They were not all light, or selfish thoughts that passed through his mind. He resolved not to live in vain, but to use the position, the influence, and the rank that would be his, to good purpose.

When that hour was over he rang the bell, and asked the servant who answered it to show him to the room where Lord Lynne lay. Then he knelt by the side of that silent figure, for whom all the glories of the world were over. He was not ashamed to pray that when he too came to die, he might not have lived in vain.

In the simplicity of his brave and noble heart Philip, now Lord Lynne, made high resolves; and in the darkest hours of his life he did not forget them. Then he went to the drawing-room and asked to see Miss Lynne and Miss Agatha; but they begged him to excuse them. Miss Lynne was not well, and Miss Agatha was with her. They hoped that for the next few days he would excuse them from leaving their own apartments.

"Of course," he thought—"quite right. I was foolish to think they could see me, and talk as if nothing had happened."

Although he did not see his cousins, Philip did not allow them to forget his presence; and Miss Lynne's little page declared he was tired of carrying Lord Lynne's messages,—now it was a bouquet of the most magnificent flowers; then some very rare fruit, or a book he thought would interest them; thus not an hour in the day passed without some communication between the cousins.

They were busy days, too; for Mr. Gregson, the family solicitor, was in the house, and all the arrangements for the funeral devolved upon him and Philip, so that he had but little time to think of his new position, or to realize it during the four days that elapsed between the old lord's death and his burial, which was arranged to take place on Monday; and the will was to be read immediately afterwards.

It was a dull, rainy day, and dreary enough the long black procession, winding among the trees in the park.

It was over at last; Stephen, Lord Lynne, was laid by his father; the vault was closed; the mourners returned home; the blinds that had been kept closed were thrown open, and the light of day once more found its way into the sumptuous apartments of Lynnewolde.

The will was to be read in the library. Lord Lynne, Sir Harry Leigh, (the late lord's dearest friend,) Mr. Gregson, with his clerk and another solicitor, were present. The two young ladies had both declined to appear, they requested Mr. Gregson to wait upon them afterwards; and he, who knew the terms of the will, thought it quite as well they did so.

A bright fire burned in the grate; the library, a large and very handsome room, looked doubly cosy and inviting when, through the large windows, was seen the dull leaden sky, the dripping trees, and the incessant falling rain.

"I shall not detain you long, gentlemen," said Mr. Gregson, as his listeners grouped themselves round him. "I know the will is not a very complicated one, for I drew it up myself."

Not very complicated certainly, but very strange. Philip, Lord Lynne, had wondered at times about his uncle's money; he had wondered whether he should have any share of it, but he never for a moment dreamed of anything so strange as the bequest he now heard. After some few legacies and annuities to old servants, Mr. Gregson read:

"To my nephew, Philip Lynne, who succeeds me, and who by right of entail inherits Lynnewolde, I give and bequeath the exact half of my fortune, the sum of two hundred thousand pounds, on one condition, which is, that within the next two years he shall marry one of my daughters, Inez or Agatha Lynne. To my daughters I leave the sum of one hundred thousand pounds each.

"If my nephew does not comply with this condition, I leave to my daughters the sum of two hundred thousand pounds each, the whole of the fortune I received from my late wife being thus equally divided between them."

Four executors were appointed, and with the usual formalities the will closed.

"A very just and equitable will," remarked Sir Harry Leigh, as Mr. Gregson folded up the parchments; "this condition, to my mind, being a remarkably pleasant one."

Lord Lynne made no remark. Of all possible contingencies, he had least expected this. He had thought it very probable that his uncle might not leave him any money at all but that this enormous sum should be his on so strange a condition bewildered him. To his honor be it recorded, that he did not make up his mind then and there that the money should be his. More than that, if he had spoken those few words which he intended to speak to Florence Wyverne, he would have at once made known his engagement, and there would have been no further question about the money. But he had not done so; he was a free man; and several times during the last few days it had crossed his mind that he had been too hasty in thinking he loved Lord Wyverne's daughter. She was gifted with a strange, winning beauty; her charming, half wilful, half-childish manner had fascinated him. Had he remained with her much longer he would have asked her to be his wife. But when the charm was at its height, he was separated from her; and when he came to reflect upon the last few days, he was surprised and half-shocked to find how small was the share she had in his thoughts and plans.

The solicitor bade him "good morning;" Sir Henry Leigh, and the others who had assembled to hear the reading of the will, left him; and Lord Lynne sat alone by the fire in the large library, thinking very anxiously of the future that lay before him.

CHAPTER III.

EVERY family has its skeleton, its strange incidents, its romantic story, its secrets that the world faintly guesses but never knows. The Lynnes of Lynnewolde had a romance, but it had not been hidden,—it had been partly forgotten; that romance was the marriage of Stephen, Lord Lynne, to the beautiful Andalusian whose life had ended so suddenly. No one knew much about it; the English papers had announced it; but no one ever saw the fair and ill fated Lady Lynne. The only thing known of her was that she was the daughter of a widow lady who was inconsolable at her death, and who begged from Lord Lynne permission to keep the little child. He gladly consented; some said, because he did not like to see the little Inez, as she reminded him of his lost wife; be that as it may, certain it was that he made no effort to see her. An English governess was provided for her, so that she was brought up not only with a thorough knowledge of the English language, but also of English polite literature. A sum of money was paid annually to the Senora Monteleone, and twice every year the father received a letter giving him all details of the child's health and progress. He was satisfied to have things as they were: he knew the child was well, and happier than she would be in his house, where another Lady Lynne lived and ruled. He had formed fresh ties, and that one early romance of his life was nearly forgotten. But there were times when the remembrance of sunny Spain, her myrtles, orange groves, and olives, her dark-eyed daughters and chivalrous sons, came upon him,—that one year of wedded life when the warm love, the deep devotion, the almost adoration of the beautiful Spaniard had been his own. His English wife's calm, quiet affection paled before it; there was no romance about that gentle lady, whose vast wealth had been so great an acquisition to the Lynnes of Lynnewolde.

Lord Lynne looked back upon that past as upon a beautiful poem that he had read in his early youth. He shrank selfishly from inflicting pain upon himself. He knew, for they had told him, that his daughter resembled her lost mother. She had the same passionate, beautiful face; the same wondrous southern eyes and hair. He did not wish to be obliged to suffer the old pain of that loss over again. So he allowed his eldest child to grow up in a foreign land, under another's care. In his own heart he wished that she would marry and settle there. He intended to endow her most liberally; but one day there came a message from that far-off home, saying that the Senora Monteleone was dying, and Inez must be sent for. Then Lord Lynne sent a trustworthy agent to bring his unknown daughter home.

Lord Lynne was dead, and his younger child, Agatha, was only too pleased to have her sister with her. They were prepared to see a pretty girl; but nothing like this dark-eyed Andalusian had ever been seen at Lynnewolde. No mere words could do justice to that wondrous beauty—to the proud, passionate face, so perfect in color and feature—to the bright, dreamy eyes, in whose liquid depths there lay a world of beauty and of love—to the rich, rippling hair, black as night, yet soft and shining as the wing of a bird—the graceful figure, so perfectly moulded, the dainty white jewelled hands, the rare mixture of languid ease and dignity. Yet, what made her the most wonderful was the passion and genius that seemed to emanate from her. Every one who saw her felt instinctively that she was capable of great things—either great evil or great good. There was no mediocrity in Inez Lynne.

When once the old Lord had recovered from the first effect of seeing her, he could never rest out of her sight. He did all that was possible in order to atone for his indifference and neglect. He lavished jewels and money upon her; and when he made the curious will, that some people thought an just one, he secretly hoped that his beautiful Inez would be Lady Lynne.

"She is so dazzling, so new, so piquant, so unlike other girls," he thought, "that Philip will be sure to fall in love with her, and then my darling will be mistress of Lynnewolde."

Inez, on her part, did not evince any very great affection either for her father or sister. Her heart was sore from her long neglect; she could not forget all at once that for many a long year she had been kept away from her rightful home, deprived of her share in the grandeur and magnificence of the Lynnes. She had not even been known by her rightful name. No one had ever called her Inez Lynne. In her grandmother's house she had always been addressed as the Senorita Monteleone. When she thought over these things Inez did not feel any great affection for the father who had neglected her, or the sister who had taken her place. She was quiet and passive, rarely making any remark, when Lord Lynne caressed her and loaded her with presents; her beautiful, passionate face never lighted up for him as it could light up for one she loved.

When Agatha Lynne grew more accustomed to the presence of her sister she wondered much why she made no mention of that past life. She never alluded to her home in Andalusia. She never talked of love and lovers as young girls do; she had no story to tell of sweet words whispered under the shade of the myrtle; no story, no love secrets; and yet she was as beautiful as an houri, and only twenty-two.

Agatha had related all her life's history; it was not an eventful one. She had had lovers, but none that she cared much for. She liked Philip Lynne best in the world, next to her father. She blushed as she told how Allan Leigh, Sir Henry Leigh's son, had sent her a valentine, and Captain Hope had written some verses to her. All these little secrets, sweet, simple Agatha had confided to her sister; but there was no confidence given in return. Inez listened with a far-off dreamy look in her beautiful face, but she said no word of herself. She had nothing to tell in return.

"Did no one ever love you, Inez?" asked her sister, gazing at her in wonder. "You are so beautiful, I should have thought you would have many lovers."

"The fairy prince will come some day," said Inez, half impatiently. "Love and lovers have no great attraction for me."

Then again simple, sweet Agatha wondered. So beautiful, so young, and not even to care about love—never to have had a lover. She could not help thinking that there was something incomprehensible in this mystery. Twenty-two and never to have had a lover!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHY POPES CHANGE THEIR NAMES.—It is a fact generally known that monks and nuns on assuming their vows, and popes on ascending the pontifical throne, usually change their names. The reason of this change in the case of the pope is a belief that unless this is done the new pontiff will not live long. The custom has prevailed since it was inaugurated in 956 by Octavian Conti, who assumed the name and title of John XII. Julius Medici would have made a breach had he been permitted, but his friends prevailed upon him to take the name of Clement, he being the seventh pope to bear that name. Thirty-two years later, in 1755, Marcellus Servius was elected, and insisted upon retaining his own name. As Marcellus II., therefore, he ascended the throne on the 9th of April. He was a young man and in robust health, and yet he lived but twenty-one days after his elevation. Since that time no pope has ventured to offend against the tradition.

Although Popes do not dance, Cardinals attend balls, and their Eminences Nina, Chigi, and Howard lately attended one given by the Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican.

RAINDROPS.

BY SIDNEY GREY.

At noon to-day the tempest raged,
Earth felt his tears upon her breast;
Fierce war awhile the giant waged
Then sobbing sank again to rest.

The cloud is gone, and nothing now
Recalls the fury of the hour,
But raindrops hanging on the bough,
Sole token of the passing shower.

A hundred dancing in the sun,
A hundred more in shadow found;
Each falling, falling, one by one,
To sink forgotten in the ground.

Pure pearls that tranquil shine, and then
Are stirred and shaken by the breeze;
Methinks the troublous lives of men
May well be likened unto these.

Ah, little drops of trembling mould,
Brief lives, to death so swift a prey;
Which first shall quit its slender hold,
Which soonest perish—who can say?

The Shabby Gentleman.

BY A. D.

"THE great question, Bill," said a monstrous seedy young man, enveloped in the shabbiest possible surtout that had at one time been snuff color, but was now of some invisible hue from the influence of atmospheric changes, "the great question, Bill, is—have you any money about your clothes?"

The individual appealed to was much overgrown with hair, hollow-eyed and sallow, and, if possible, more shabbily attired than his friend. In reply to the question, he felt conscientiously in all his pockets, and then shook his head mournfully.

The individuals alluded to were seated in a dingy apartment, and an easel, a few canvasses, scattered tubes of paint and brushes a dusty curtain closing the lower half of an unwashed window showed it to be an artist's studio. The young men sat cowering over an air-tight stove, that emitted very little warmth. Neither of them could have been more than twenty two, but in their dim eyes the fire of youth had burned out, and their cheeks were wan and hollow.

"How did you raise the fire?" asked Bill, moodily.

"My dear boy," said Wilford Stanley, confidentially, "it occurred to me that picture frames—stretchers—being made of seasoned wood would undoubtedly burn well in an air-tight stove. The warmth you now experience arises from the consumption of two 36 by 24's."

"Well, I've dined to-day, thank Heaven!" said Bill.

"Fortunate mortal!"

"Yes—by invitation of a friend," said Bill. "A great dinner—baked beans in sufficient quantity, and bread *ad libitum*. But something must be done for you—you can't starve."

"It seems possible," said Stanley, coolly.

"Is there nothing you can spout?" asked Bill, looking round the room.

"Everything of the slightest value has been absorbed by 'my uncle.' He has my watch and wardrobe—everything worth a rap."

"And what will you do?"

"My dear boy," said Stanley, "have you never observed in Merrimac street, a narrow-fronted two-story brick house? There hangs a banner on the outward wall—the ensign of another uncle of ours—Uncle Sam. 'Tis a recruiting office. There are forged the thunderbolts of war the American eagle launches on the foe. From that establishment emerge daily two dismounted dragoons—perfect pictures of martial grace and magnificence.

"And you think of enlisting?"

"Seriously, Bill, yes. But I begin to believe I have been an ass."

"And I another."

"Not so—you have talents, Bill, which, I do not possess. You paint well—you are an artist. You are under a cloud at present—but as surely as the sun shines, patronage will flow in upon you."

"Why, then, do you talk of abandoning the profession, while you counsel me to stick to it."

"Because my efforts are not marked by that excellence which is indispensable to secure patronage. When a boy I was fond of pictures, and my careless schoolboy drawings, injudiciously praised, made me think myself a second Michael Angelo. My father had a sound judgment and forbade my wasting my time in a pursuit which he knew could only lead to disappointment, and my poor mother, a short time before her death, injudiciously bestowed upon me without the knowledge of my father, a few hundred dollars of her own. With this sum I ran away from home—went to Paris, to study art. There I met you, Bill, and the rest of my story—my attempts—my failures—my rapid decadence, are familiar to you. You know, too, the history of my falling in love with our fair countrywomen—Miss Winsom; our recent meetings, etc. You know, too, that when I reflected on my conduct I bitterly reproached myself with having engaged her affections. Finding my affairs so desperate—living on the sale of my coats and waistcoats—subsisting on French boots and cravats—seeing starvation staring me in the face. I wrote her the other day, releasing her from her engagement. She replied by a request that I would call on her at her house at Cambridgeport, and I would do so, notwithstanding her father has forbidden me the house. I would see her for the last time, but I have no presentable suit to wear. This deplorable surtout—jealously eyed by the very rag pickers as if I were defrauding them, is all the poor broken-down, shabby gentleman can boast."

"Why don't you wait and present yourself to the lady in the 'genteel' clothing you propose to win of Uncle Sam? There would be something pathetic in the brogans and light blue jacket of an infantry soldier."

"A truce to raillery," said Stanley.

"But what has become of your father?"

"I know not. On my return from Europe I sought him. But he had sold all his property and disappeared mysteriously. Poor dear father! I have wrung his heart so, I know not whether he could ever forgive me."

As he spoke these words Stanley arose, and donned a deplorable beaver.

"Whither now?" asked Bill.

"I have just thought of something. I can't starve. I am going to a certain hotel. I painted them a sirloin and a game-piece—and fared sumptuously off the pictures for two months. They are nothing—but Sam, one of the waiters, is a patron of mine. I painted his portrait, and though it didn't look the least in the world like him, he was perfectly satisfied. I know he wont refuse me a dinner when he knows I'm starving."

To the hotel, then, went our shabby gentleman. The rush was over and there were only three or four persons in the dining room. Stanley took the waiter aside—made an arrangement with him—sat down and ate a comfortable dinner. When he rose, the waiter presented him with a cigar.

Stanley thanked him and went into the smoking room. As he smoked his cigar, he revolved the means of replenishing his wardrobe so as to be able to present himself to Miss Winsom. Not a ray of inspiration was suggested, and tossing the end of the cigar in the grate, he rose with a sigh to return to his desolate studio. At this juncture unluckily, his eye fell on a handsome blue cloak that lay upon a chair.

"The very thing I want?" said he. "O, if the owner only would lend me this for half an hour. What if I should get Sam to introduce me and make the request? Pshaw! the idea is preposterous. What if I should borrow it—nobody sees me. Perhaps I could get back before the owner missed it. And I could leave my surtout in its place and pretend I took it by mistake! Umph! a very likely mistake anyhow temptation stares me in the face and I can't resist it. Here goes."

With these words our poor artist slipped off his faded shabby surtout, and throwing the fashionable cloak about his shoulders, darted out of the hotel. But he had been watched. A fiery-faced old gentleman entered the smoking-room.

"The scoundrel!" he exclaimed, "I'll overhaul him and make him pay for this impudence. But it's cold as Nova Zembla. I dare not give chase to him without an overcoat, and so, as he took mine, I'll e'en take his."

These incidents passed as quick as thought. In another moment, the stranger, almost disguised in the shabby snuff-colored surtout, was on the trail of our unfortunate friend.

Not long previous to this, the father of Miss Winsom, our hero's "lady-love" was about leaving his house at Cambridgeport to come over to the city. Before doing so he summoned to his presence, a newly engaged man-servant, Mr. Thaddy Malony.

"Pat," said the old gentleman, "I'm going over to the city, so I don't mind telling you that there's a miserable shabby genteel dog hanging round my daughter, and I shouldn't wonder if he came sneaking to my house during my absence. I've seen the fellow once or twice lately prowling about the neighborhood. Now don't you let him in on any account—do you hear?"

"Sure I do, your honor. But be what token will I know the blackguard?"

"He wears a shabby, faded snuff-colored surtout."

"All right. Lave all to me, your honor."

The first knock at the door, after Mr. Winsom's departure, was given by our friend Stanley. Mr. Malony rigidly scrutinized his dress, but the blue cloak dazzled him.

"Is Miss Winsom at home?"

"I'll ask herself that same," replied the servant as he retired.

"Plaze your honor," said the man, returning, "the misthress says she is at home and will your honor be plazed to walk into the drawing-room?"

Having shown the visitor into the drawing room, Mr. Malony returned to mount guard over the street door. He had no sooner reached the entry than a thundering knock resounded through the house, and darting out of the door, Mr. Malony perceived upon the step, a red faced man in the identical shabby brown surtout his master had warned him against.

"What'll ye be wantin,' wid yourdisthractin' noise?" asked the footman.

"I want to see your master—instantly."

"The masther's not at home," replied Thaddy surlily.

"Very well—your mistress then."

"O, is it there ye are, ye ould blackguard? Away wid ye. The misthress is engaged—wid a beautiful young gintleman in the illigantest blue cloak. Do ye think she'd have a word to say to you, ye ould beggarman?"

"Stand aside!" roared the red faced old gentleman.

"Off wid ye!" shouted the Irishman.

The choleric visitor suddenly seized his antagonist and sent him whirling down the steps, rushed into the house, plunged into the drawing room, and saw the borrower of his blue cloak at the feet of a young lady.

The lover started up and confronted the intruder—but the countenances of both changed as they gazed on each other.

"Wilford!"

"Father!"

And they rushed into each other's arms.

The old gentleman explained how he had just returned from a commercial visit to the West Indies where he had prospered prodigiously, and was in search of his foolish, wayward, but beloved boy, while Wilford recounted his mad-cap adventures, and his sad experience.

Mr. Winsom brought back by Thaddy to wreak vengeance on the intruder, was informed of what had happened, and ended by bestowing his daughter's hand upon Stanley. The latter ascended at a bound from the depths of misery and shabby gentility to the heights of joy and luxury, and the gentleman named Bill shared in his good fortune, being commissioned by old Stanley to paint a couple of pictures at fabulous prices, commencing with a portrait of the bride.

RUBIES.

THE ruby is so called from the redness which commonly characterizes this exquisite gem. Like the sapphire and the Oriental topaz, it belongs to the class of styled corundum, the members of which are alike in composition, though different in color and in quality. The true ruby, or red sapphire, is said to be the most valuable gem, when of large size, good color and free from fault, so that it exceeds even the diamond in value. It is harder than any other known substance except the diamond, which alone among precious stones it will not cut. It is susceptible of electricity by friction, and retains it for some hours; it also possesses double refraction in a slight degree. Occasionally, specimens are asteriated, as in case of what is known as star sapphires. Though it cannot be fused by itself, in combination with a flux it may be melted into a clear glass. Its colors is carmine, cochineal, or pigeon's blood, and rosebud, often with a play of violet.

The finest rubies are found in Ava, Siam and Pegu; others are found in India, Ceylon, Brazil, Australia, Borneo, Sumatra and some places on the continent of Europe. The Burmese mines have long been famous; the working of them is a royal monopoly, and the king has, among other titles, that of Lord of the Rubies. The Brazilian ruby is declared to be a pink topaz, inferior to the true ruby, yellow in its natural state and colored artificially. It is, unfortunately, beyond the power of ordinary chasers to pronounce any critical opinion upon rubies, except as regards their appearance, size and color, the best being that known as pigeon's blood, which is a pure, deep, rich red, quite free from blue or yellow.

The rare occurrence of the desired vivid pigeon's blood color in a ruby of any size causes the price to increase in an even greater proportion than the diamond. For stones of the finest quality it supplies the following valuations: One carat is worth $70 to $100; one and a half $125 to 175; two $350 to $400; three, $1000 to $1250; four, $2000 to $2500. Under one carat, the price ranges from $10 to $40 per carat, and over four carats what is called a fancy price is commanded. After all, perhaps, it may be truly said of rubies in general that when they exceed one carat in weight no definite price can be given as a guide to the purchaser.

When a perfect ruby of five carats is brought into the market a sum several times as great as that offered for a diamond of the same weight will be bid for it; if it reaches seven carats is almost invaluable.

Yet rubies of much greater size are in existence. An Indian prince had one of near twenty four carats, and it was bought for 156 pounds' weight of gold. Catherine of Russia had in her crown a ruby as large as a pigeon's egg; and there is said to be one in Paris which weighed 106½ carats. That of Catharine appears to be still in the Russian treasury. Others might be mentioned, especially that among the French crown jewels, which is cut into the form of a dragon with outspread wings. The first specimens, of course are the monopoly of princes and persons with princely fortunes. Even these may, nevertheless, be sometimes deceived, for we are told that two large stones shown as rubies among her Majesty's jewels at the exhibition of 1862 are simply spinels, and therefore neither rare nor precious.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.—The greatest depth yet discovered in the Atlantic ocean is 3 875 fathoms, at a point north of the Virgin Islands, between St. Thomas and the Bermudas. The mean depth of the Atlantic is a little over 2 000 fathoms.

WOMEN IN BULGARIA.—Newly married women in Bulgaria must be absolutely silent for a longer or shorter period, perhaps a month or more. They are relieved from the obligation when the husband presents them with a gift. The custom however is felt to be ridiculous, and is falling into disuse.

CUCUMBERS AND DISEASE.—Cucumber-peel is much used by the Greeks as a cure for headache; it is bound on the forehead with a handkerchief. The same people have also a peculiar superstition that, if a piece of the peel of the first cucumber eaten is bound round the head of a person, he will be free from fever during the whole year.

A "COOL" MAN.—The coolest man is a resident of Paris, and he is the hero of the following anecdote: A gentleman walking with his boy on the banks of the Seine, the boy slipped over the bank in the water, and would certainly have been drowned but for the courage of a man who was fishing, who jumped in and saved the boy. The father thanked him cordially, but asked him if he would not add to the obligation, as he was already wet through, by swimming out for his son's cap.

CHINESE CRIMINALS.—In China criminals fleeing from justice not unfrequently seek refuge in a religious life, submitting to the branding of their heads and the subsequent discomforts of cloister existence rather than fall into the merciless meshes of the law. Sometimes, too, unsuccessful mandarins throw themselves into a monastery and take the vows, driven to such a step by dread of the Imperial frown. It is said that the foolish official who, during the war of 1841-42 laid at the foot of the throne his discovery of the secret of foreign steamers, and forthwith produced a vessel with two large paddle wheels to be turned by coolies inside, is even now languishing in one of the numerous monasteries, whither he retired after the failure of his scheme, covered with ignominy and shame.

DANCING.—Music and dancing, like many other of the useful and ornamental arts, are generally allowed to have originated with the ancient Egyptians. The dances introduced at their religious ceremonies and festivities bore, it is true, but a slight resemblance to what is termed dancing in our modern acception of the word; but that the rudiment of the present graceful art sprung from those wild extravagances of action, and rude, half frantic movements, which characterized the performances of the old Egyptian dancers, few have ventured to deny. Nor, indeed, would these dancers appear to have undergone much change since the days of the Pharaohs. The dancing girls of Egypt to day perform much in same manner as Herodias' daughter may be presumed to have danced before the royal Herod.

A BOILING SPRING.—A boiling spring has been discovered in California. An ingenious individual has applied for the water-right, and has constructed a clothes wringer, to be run by a water-wheel at one side of the spring, where it boils over to another of clear cold water in which the proprietor has placed a sack of indigo. The ranchers of the settlement resort to the spring to do their washing. The clothes are thrown into the water, which has a whirling motion, and drawn in out of sight. In about five minutes they come to the surface, float to the wringer, and are run through into the other spring, where they are rinsed by passing through another wringer. In less than thirty minutes the washing is done, and the rancher is on his way home rejoicing. His happy wife meets him at the door, hangs the clothes out to dry, which takes but a short time, and the washing is done.

GOLD LACE.—One of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable is the making of gold wire for what is known as gold lace. The refiner first prepares a solid rod of silver about an inch in thickness; he heats this rod, applies upon the surface a sheet of gold leaf, burnishes this down—and so on, until the gold is about one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver. The rod is then subjected to a train of processes which brings it down to the state of fine wire, when it is passed through holes in a steel plate lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it, and shares all its mutations; it is one hundredth part the thickness of the silver at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end. As to the thinness to which the gold coated rod of silver can be brought, the limit depends on the delicacy of human skill. It has been calculated, however, that the gold actually placed on the very finest silver wire for gold lace is not more than one-third of one millionth of an inch in thickness; that is, not above one-tenth the thickness of ordinary gold leaf.

IN A GARRET.

BY T. G. K.

This realm is sacred to the past;
Within its drowsy shades are treasures rare
Of dust and dreams; the years are long, since last
A stranger's footfall pressed the creaking stair.

Along the low joists of the sloping roof
Moth-eaten garments hang, a gloomy row,
Like tall, fantastic ghosts which stand aloof
Holding grim converse with the long ago.

Here in the summer, at a broken pane,
The yellow wasps come in, and buzz and build
Among the rafters; wind and snow and rain
All enter, as the seasons are fulfilled.

The mildewed chest behind the chimney holds
Old letters, stained and nibbled—faintly show
The faded phrases on the tattered folds,
Once kissed, perhaps, or tear-wet—who may know?

I wonder if the small, sleek mouse that shaped
His winter nest between those rugged beams
Was happier that his bed was lined and draped
With the bright warp and woof of youthful dreams?

Why rob these shadows of their sacred trust?
Let the thick sobwebs hide the day once more;
Leave the dead years to silence and to rust,
And close again the long-unopened door.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XLVII.—[CONTINUED.]

MADELINE are you mad?" asked Lady Crehylls hurriedly. "All the world knows my father was good. Have you come here merely to rave?"

"Hear me, oh, heaven!" said Madeline, lifting her arms on high, "and give me strength to bear with her while I speak the truth! I have not come here to utter ravings, but to tell those terrible facts which have loaded my soul with silent ignominy and pain. Sit down, Lady Crehylls—you will scarce have strength to stand while I speak for I have strange things to say."

Madeline, as she finished, had relapsed into her old impassive calm; but Lady Crehylls, trembling in every limb, sank into a chair, and gazed at her enemy with wild eyes.

"But first," continued Madeline, in a quiet voice, "I ask if you remember having seen a certain Mr. Rathline some two or three years ago?"

"I remember him," answered Lady Crehylls. "He was a slanderer—a very bad man."

"He may be both, and yet what he told you is no slander," returned Madeline. "I sent him to you. I wished you to know something of the truth. I thought it would soften your grief for your child."

"Soften my grief to have it hinted to me that his father was an assassin!" exclaimed Lady Crehylls angrily. "Miss Sylvester, I will hear no more of this. I do not desire to have an interview with you."

"My name was never Sylvester," said Madeline. "That was a false name given me by your father."

"Who and what are you?" said Lady Crehylls, trembling as she spoke.

"I am Walter Sherborne's daughter," replied Madeline, as she stood pale and mournful before her, "and for your sake your father hunted mine to death; then he hedged me round with falsehoods; he bowed down my head with dishonor and shame, and heaped upon my child heart all the agony of a great crime."

"But your father was guilty!" cried Lady Crehylls, with pale lips. "The concealment of your name was a kindness."

"Do not deceive yourself," said the calm voice of Madeline. "His motive was like his deed—vile and cruel. He knew the guilty man, and, knowing him, he deliberately fixed his crime upon my father, and deliberately he let him die. Then, still to screen the true criminal, he took me into his care, and laid upon my young soul all the burden and anguish of this man's sin. For twelve years—for so long did his cruelty last—I bore this load, and strove to bear it patiently, knowing that a father's sin must fall upon his child; and through all these twelve years—through all their slow, lagging, weary days, which crawled by like wounded snakes, he never once relented. Agatha Crehylls, can you guess why your father had no pity to give to Madeline Sherborne?"

"No, no!" cried Lady Crehylls, shrinking from her. "I can guess nothing. I do not believe your words."

"You are speaking untruly," said Madeline, in the same quiet way; "in every vein you feel that I am uttering the truth. You do not need words now to tell you that the man who slew Mathew Carbis, the man for whom my father died, was Geoffrey, Lord Crehylls. For nearly three years you have brooded over Richard Rathline's words, doubting, fearing they might be true. I gave you this time of suspense; I give you also the confirmation of your fears."

"The man Rathline never mentioned Mathew Carbis," said Lady Crehylls, lifting her white face from her hands, with a momentary gleam of hope.

"Perhaps not," returned Madeline, in the same unmoved way; "but he told you Lord Crehylls had quitted his home to expiate a crime."

Lady Crehylls was silent, but Madeline saw her shudder from head to foot.

"Have you suffered in these few last years?" she said, a smile of contemptuous pity playing on her lips. "You need not answer. I can read the lines upon your face; but your sufferings do not equal mine. And remember this always, I suffered unjustly. Your father deliberately, for twelve years, bowed me down beneath a yoke of agony, only to spare you, his idol, a solitary pang. Never forget that it was for you I suffered, for you I was taught to lie, for you I lived in loneliness, quivering at the thought of love and friendship. Never forget that while this blight and pain passed over me you had twelve years' honor, twelve years' love, twelve years' peace and happiness. Now do you understand at last the the cost at which these were purchased for you? Can you feel what these twelve years did for me?"

At this question, like one fascinated by some strange horror, Lady Crehylls fixed her eyes on Madeline's white face in speechless pain.

"They blighted me," said Madeline, answering her look; "they crushed within my soul all faith; they made the universe dark to me; for God's providence they gave me man's injustice, which has cast me down beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut; and my life now lies maimed and broken."

She ceased abruptly, and into the momentary silence ensued there broke the wild wail of the wind, and the rush of the sea on the shore.

"I too have suffered," said Lady Crehylls, softly: "but shall I lose my faith because of sorrow? Shall I bless God only in prosperity? and in grief shall I do what Job's wife advised her husband to do, 'curse God and die?' God directs the storm and the whirlwind as well as the sunshine and the shower."

"You are a poor comforter," said Madeline, bitterly. "If the hand of Providence had directed the ills I have suffered, I would not have rebelled; or if I had suffered for my own sin, I would not have lifted my voice in a murmur, but I have been struck by the selfish injustice of man. I have been made to weep that you might laugh; I have been kept lonely that you might have friends; I have had love and hope wrenched from my heart, that they might crown you with happiness; I have been thrust out into the wilderness to hunger and thirst, that your soul might be well satisfied with good things."

The inexpressible bitterness and pathos of her voice ran through the heart of Agatha Crehylls. She rose quickly, and throwing herself down by Madeline's side, she suddenly flung her arms around her.

"Madeline," she said, "I would suffer much with a willing heart to make you happy. Do not envy me the few short years of peace my father bought at such a cost."

Until these words Madeline endured her touch and her speech; but now she burst from her, flinging off her clinging hands as though they tortured her like fire.

"You have hardened me," she said, disdainfully. "How dare you remind me that Mr. Lanyon bought your husband for you with my father's life! How dare you tell me you had peace, when there was no peace? Can you boast to me that the love of a feeble, fickle man whose hand was stained with blood, made you happy? And can you think for a moment I envy such happiness?"

"I cannot, I will not believe in Geoffrey's guilt!" cried his widow, passionately. "You have not given me the proof."

"The proof is, that he exiled himself at my command," said Madeline, in her old calm way; "and he died an exile, never seeking to see your face again. It was a merciful sentence, uttered in the rashness and romance of youth; and I grieve for it now. If you require further proofs, they are here. I do not see why I need spare you longer."

She took a packet from her bosom, and, unfastening it with a steady hand, she laid before Lady Crehylls the letters of her husband to the beautiful wife of Walter Sherborne, and the letter written by that unhappy man to Madeline herself. As her eyes fell upon the first, Lady Crehylls, with sinking heart, recognized the writing and the words she had glanced at in her desk. She read the letters through—all the foolish, passionate outpouring of a boy's love—her lip trembling, her cheek blanching as she read; then, with her hold upon hope breaking like a thread she took into her shaking hand Walter Sherborne's mournful letter, and read it word by word. The rustle of the paper, as she laid it down, sounded through the room with ghastly distinctness; and even the flutter of the lace upon her quivering arm smote Madeline's ear painfully.

"Are you satisfied?" she said, in a calm, cold voice.

For answer, Agatha Crehylls gazed into her face with a look of unutterable despair—a look which Madeline gathered in greedily, as though she gained from it reassurance for herself.

"If you still feel a doubt," she continued, "send for Michael Polgrain, and question him. He saw the blow struck."

Lady Crehylls repeated her words like one in a dream; then in a dreary voice, said quietly, "I will not question him; there is no need of that. These proofs are past doubt."

"Past doubt!" echoed Madeline. "You are right; they are past doubt."

A deep sigh escaped her lips as she spoke, a sigh of relief, with which she dismissed the fear Maurice had planted in her heart.

"It is not these only which convince me," continued Lady Crehylls, glancing at the letters with a shudder, "but all the words Geoffrey himself said in leaving me; his confession of your power, his desperation and fear, his mournful farewell—all return to me now as testimony of his guilt. Why should I utter his name to his accomplice, Michael Polgrain, and hear details that would kill me!"

She hid her face in her hands as though to hold down the sobs which rose dry and gaspingly in her throat.

"Are you afraid to hear all the truth?" asked Madeline, disdainfully—"you, who have not been afraid to do such cruel injustice, and utter such cruel untruths of others?"

"I!" exclaimed Lady Crehylls. "What injustice have I done?"

"Have you forgotten it so easily?" said Madeline, with mournful scorn. "I have shown you your husband's letters, and let me ask you now to read one of your own."

Before the pale face, and the frightened eyes which looked at her so imploringly, Madeline laid down the letter that had separated her from Maurice Pellew. Lady Crehylls recognised it with a quick and burning blush.

"I tried to repair this wrong," she cried, tremblingly. "Believe me, Madeline, I did indeed."

Madeline's lip curled contemptuously as she said, "Can a wrong ever be repaired? Give me back my life, then you may atone for the evil done me by you and yours. Give me back my innocence, my honor, and my truth, and then talk to me of reparation; do not mock me with the word now."

"If these foolish, rash words, written by me in my first agony, did injure you," said Lady Crehylls, "I am deeply, deeply grieved——"

"Injure me!" interrupted Madeline, for the first time letting tears start to her eyes; "they parted me from the only love I ever felt, they wrenched from my soul a thousand good and gentle things, hiding there till then, in spite of all my gloom; and they made me do a cruel wrong to the kindest, noblest heart——"

But she stopped abruptly. Her agony of remorse at every thought of that generous love always choked her words when she strove to speak of Tom Singleton. Lady Crehylls clasped her hands together nervously in grief and contrition.

"I am full of sorrow," she said, "to think that I injured you; you, who had suffered so much through my father and my husband. Would I have added to your burden, do you think, if I had known the truth?"

"I spared you the truth," answered Madeline, drearily. "I bore your insults impatiently, and I quitted your house in silence, when, by a single word, I might have overwhelmed the names of Lanyon and Crehylls with lasting disgrace and ruin."

"But you banished all joy, all life and light from my house," interposed Lady Crehylls, rallying her courage. "You accuse me of having influenced your life for evil; but have you not influenced mine too? Have I suffered nothing through you, Madeline? Remember that I have lost husband, father, and child."

Madeline gazed at her with a look of angry wonder.

"But it was just—just that you should suffer," she cried, almost with a shriek. "If I had done more than justice I should go mad. Knowing as you do, your father's selfish cruelty, and your husband's sin, I wonder you dare bring a counter-accusation against me. Do not call me Madeline; you make me shudder."

She turned away and paced the room hurriedly, as though her mind were full of troubled thought. Then suddenly she stepped before the weeping Lady Crehylls.

"Do you mean to tell me," she said, in her low, quiet voice, "that you would rather I had hanged your husband than banished him? You force me to ask this coarse, hard question. Speak!—would you have preferred a public trial and public shame, or was the justice I did the best and the most merciful?"

"It was the best," answered Lady Crehylls, sobbingly. "I wish I could feel thankful to you, but I cannot."

"What do your thanks matter?" said Madeline, scornfully. "I wish only for your acknowledgement that I was just. It was just. It is enough that Mr. Lanyon understood that I was merciful; and he did, or he would not have destroyed my letter, before the stroke fell that took away memory or strength."

She seemed to gather comfort from this thought, and the momentary doubt of her own justice passed away.

"Remember this," she said, suddenly turning, "I never meant to hurt your father."

"Nor my child," said Lady Crehylls, softly. "I know it was not your fault that Geoffrey took the boy with him."

There was an instant's hesitation, a crimson flush flashing over the proud face, and then Madeline spoke.

"It was not my fault," she said, "but I am glad he took him. He could not justly inherit the title and the estates of the Crehylls. He is a felon's child!"

Startled, and pale as ashes, Lady Crehylls looked in her face sorrowfully. "Do you mean to tell me, if my boy were now living, he could not be the Lord Crehylls?" she said.

"I mean that," answered Madeline, sharply. "I mean I would not stand by silently and see your son take a title and estate justly forfeited for his father's crime. I meant mercy when I banished Lord Crehylls, and not robbery." "Robbery!" repeated Agatha.

"Yes," replied Madeline; "but I will not, through the mistake of my romantic youth allow the present Lord Crehylls to be despoiled. It is on this business I am come to you," she added. "I do not meet you face to face willingly," she continued, in a mournful voice. "It is a bitter task for me to speak smoothly to the women for whom all my life has been warped and darkened. Nothing but that sense of justice, which is the strongest feeling of my very soul, would have brought me to Penkivel."

She paused for a moment, and Lady Crehylls met her glance with a patient, worn look.

"Have you some new sorrow to tell me?" she asked, in a sad voice.

Madeline put her hand across her brow, and swept back hastily the heavy braids of hair which had fallen over it. She was struggling with her last weakness. A strange desire had assailed her to weep for pity, and to cry out to her enemy that she had brought her joy, and not sorrow, and that pardon was a holier thing than justice; but as she wavered, her listless hand fell upon her bosom and touched the miniature of her mother, which she wore there; and with that touch came a quick revulsion of feeling. Where was this unhappy mother? How had she lived, how died, when Lord Crehylls deserted her? She was mad, to have pity for the son and widow of such a man! Let the inexorable consequences of his sin follow them. A terrible, hard injustice had meted out to her her own fate; but to them she would only give justice—no more. With this determination growing hard upon her brow, she drew near to Agatha Crehylls and laid the picture before her.

"This is the face of my mother," she said coldly. "I am ashamed, when I forget that Lord Crehylls drew this weak, foolish woman from her home, and then forsook her; but I scorn myself when for a moment I cease to remember, that having betrayed my father, he left him to die for the crime he had himself committed. Can you be sorry that the child of such a man is dead?"

Lady Crehylls was looking at the portrait with eyes tear-blinded, and at this abrupt question her anguish broke forth in a low cry of pain.

"My poor little Aubrey!" she said. "It is well for him that he is spared all my sorrow."

"Yes, it is well," said Madeline; "for if he lived I would publish all this history if you dared to claim for him the name and the lands of the Crehylls. It is to say this that I am come to you; and I warn you that the man called Rathline, whom you saw in the churchyard of Penkivel, will visit you and endeavor to extort money from you, on the plea that your child is living. If you wish for one moment's peace again throughout your whole life, do not believe this man when he tells you that the boy lives."

"But he was drowned—my child was drowned," said Lady Crehylls, looking at her with wild eyes. "What do your words mean? Is there any doubt of the fact?"

"You would be mad to doubt it," answered Madeline. "You will fill all your days with anguish if you listen to Richard Rathline. Remember, I have warned you."

She moved slowly towards the door; but Lady Crehylls sprang forward and clutched her dress.

"Be merciful!" she cried in agony. "If there is a doubt of my child's death, tell me."

Madeline stood still the instant she felt the detaining touch of Agatha's small hand, and with her cold face turned full on her, she said, "What shall I tell you? Shall I say you will see your child again, when I know you never will?"

"Are you sure?" cried the unhappy mother, with her fevered grasp on Madeline's robe unrelaxed.

"I am quite sure," was the answer, spoken firmly in hard tones.

Then the hands fell; sinking into a chair, Lady Crehylls wept bitterly. The sight of her tears brought a scornful look to Madeline's proud face.

"Ah, weep on," she said, "weep as though you were the only woman in the world to whom the sins of others have brought sorrow. Weep as though you were the sole widow on the earth standing alone, bereaved, childless, and grief-stricken. Have you no eyes to see what I am? Did I lose nothing when your child sank into the sea? I tell you I lost then my last hold upon goodness, and truth, and honor. I am a wicked and a desperate woman now, unworthy of a good man's love."

This thought of Maurice brought the old queer look into her eyes, and she went on more bitterly.

"The name of Crehylls is fatal to me. The man who died trying to save your son, was worth a hundred such men as that boy would make. I have not reproached you with that loss. I have not reminded you that my husband died for your child."

Once more she moved away, and then Lady Crehylls, in a broken voice, cried feebly, "For his sake I can bear your presence here, if you will stay. He was a good, a noble man. Will you go away on such a night as this?"

"Agatha Crehylls, if the night were the worst that the world ever saw, I would not accept hospitality at Penkivel."

With these words, Madeline's tall figure passed out of her sight, and in another instant Lady Creyhills heard the sweep of wheels mingling with the wild rush of the wind and waves.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE SECOND NARRATIVE OF ALICE RATHLINE.

IT has come my turn again to tell some short portion of this story.

Late on the day following the evening on which father bid me good bye, Mr. Pellew called and requested urgently to see me. When I entered the room, he came forward in a hurried way, and grasped my hand. I saw he was very pale.

"Where is Madeline?" he cried.

I told him she was gone to Cornwall.

"And do you know the Duke of Briancourt has followed her?" he asked

"No," I answered. "I know nothing of that; but I am aware that he had an interview with her just before her departure."

"Alice," said Mr. Pellew, "you must go with me into Cornwall to find your sister. We must save her from this man and from herself. I have things to tell her which will alter all her life."

He was agitated by some great excitement—I saw that; but he was very calm and earnest, and I dared not ask him a question, fearing too justly that father might have somewhat to do with his present mood. Seeing him so earnest, I made no objection to the journey.

"Tell me only one thing," I said; "is there any hope of my seeing my brother Alfred where we are going?"

"I trust so," he answered, gravely. "The chaise will be at the door in an hour, Alice; let me find you ready."

With this he was gone. I stood staring after him a moment, and then sat down to think and to wonder what it all meant. But I found it was of no use asking questions of myself, for the simple reason that I could not answer them; so I gave up the thinking business, and packed my small trunk instead. I am not a girl to make much fuss over myself; for which reason, packing and dressing did not take me very long.

I was bursting with curiosity when I stepped into the chaise; but one glance at Mr. Pellew's face told me it would be useless to ask questions.

As we rattled through London, I saw great bills and posters up, with the "Sudden illness of Madame Silvia" announced in letters a yard long.

"What a lying world this is!" I said angrily.

Mr. Pellew stared at me in a strange way for a moment, and then drew from beneath the seat an old knapsack, of that sort which hawkers sometimes carry. On a little brass plate in front he showed me engraved the words "Nathaniel Strangways, Licensed Hawker."

"Have you ever seen this peddler's box before, Alice?" he asked me.

"Yes," I replied, "I remember it well enough. I have played with it often when a child."

At this he shuddered, and dropped it from his hand suddenly.

"I recollect your buying it of mother," I continued, "on the first day I ever saw you, when the little ones were using it for a table, father having, with his usual generosity, sold up every stick we had."

"Then it was never out of your possession, Alice," said he, "from the time your father brought it home till the hour I bought it?"

"No, never," I answered. "I can swear to that."

"I am glad to hear you say so," returned Mr. Pellew. And with this he put the box beneath the seat again.

"And what are you going to do with it now?" I asked.

"I am going to take it to its owner, Alice," he said. "I am going to lay it before the eyes of one to whom the name of Nathaniel Strangways will shriek of murder. Ah, and the foulest murder, too, ever done, since for years it was laid upon the conscience of an innocent man; and for more years still it has blighted a life, which but for this might have been noble."

I felt he was speaking of Madeline but I would not name her just then, for my veins were growing chilly with a horrible fear.

"Who is the man?" I asked, in a quivering voice.

"Mr. Whalley, your brother Alfred's schoolmaster."

I heaved a great sigh of relief, and my tears fell fast down my white cheeks.

"My father?" I said, gaspingly.

Mr. Pellew gazed at me with much pity and tenderness.

"Do not be afraid, Alice," he said, softly—"your father is safe. He had nothing to do with this man's crime. His guilt consists in not divulging it—a guilt so terrible in its consequences, that it is only for your sake and Madeline's that I have wrung a promise of safety for him from the authorities."

We went on for many a weary mile after this in silence. At length I dropped asleep, and waking up in the middle of the night with a loud cry, I grasped Mr. Pellew by the hand, and entreated him to tell me whether he believed this Mr. Whalley, or Nathaniel Strangways, if that was his real name, had killed my brother Alfred, and then raised the report that he had run away.

"I do not think so," returned Mr. Pellew, looking at me in the same pitying way; "yet I would not have you be too hopeful of ever seeing your brother again. He may be dead, although not through Mr. Whalley."

For a moment my heart sank at these terrible words, then I grew hopeful again.

"Alfred is a hardy boy," I said; "and, wander where he will, I am sure he will find friends."

"Heaven grant that some kind hand has succored the poor little fugitive who escaped from this villain," answered Mr. Pellew.

The tone of his voice brought back my old fear, and I began to weep silently, thinking he surely knew that little Alfred was dead.

"Try to sleep again, Alice," said Mr. Pellew; "the journey is long, and if sorrow awaits you at the end, rest will help you to bear it."

This was all the comfort he had to give me.

Through that night, as we journeyed on, I saw the lamps of another chaise, which sometimes followed ours, and sometimes passed us. In the morning the chaise was still in our shadow, and, in fact, it never left us till we reached Exeter; then we lost it suddenly, and Mr. Pellew and I went on alone to a little village, some miles to the north of the old city, and not far from the sea, near which stood the house of Mr. Whalley.

Leaning from the chaise window, I saw a cold stone building, somewhat higher than country dwellings usually are. It was very white and clean looking—not a speck upon it anywhere—not a weed in the prim garden, not a spot on the brightly shining windows.

A stout woman, with strong arms, and strangely watchful eyes, opened the gate to our ring.

"Mr. Whalley is not at home," she said.

"I am sorry," returned Mr. Pellew, "to hear this. I wish to give him two new pupils."

Then, still with that watchful look upon her, she unlocked the gate and invited us to enter.

"I think master will be at home in the evening," she said; "meanwhile, perhaps, you would like to speak to one of the ushers. He can tell you the terms and show you the schoolroom."

Evidently she had received strict orders never to miss a pupil.

There is no need to relate all the talk that followed, nor how well we played our parts; enough that two hours went by and Mr. Whalley did not return.

Then I saw the woman grow uneasy at our lingering stay, and at last she broadly hinted that we had better come again to-morrow.

Upon this Mr. Pellew asked if we might not see the garden.

She could not refuse us this small favor; but she did it sourly, saying that there was not much to see in a few fruit trees and a potato ground.

Her words were true—the garden was an ugly patch of land; and I wondered why Mr. Pellew walked all through it, while the woman, standing at the gate, watched us. There were no trees to hide us from her view, wherever we might stand. Perhaps this is why she did not follow us, but she could not hear our words.

"Alice," said Mr. Pellew, when we had reached the walk farthest from her, "have you courage to stay here to-night? Don't look startled—she can see your face. I did not expect to find the villain from home. This baffles me. Some one whom she does not suspect ought to stay here to watch for his return. We have reason to think that there are signals preconcerted between this woman and him, by means of which he would save himself if she saw cause to fear us. Even Nero, you know, had a slave devoted to him."

Here in our walk we approached near the watchful woman, leaning on the gate, and Mr. Pellew instantly changed his tone.

"These apples," he said, "are of a peculiar sort which only grow in Devonshire and Cornwall. May I pluck one for the young lady?"

"Certainly," she answered, forcing her lips to speak civilly.

Then we passed her, and went down the other side of the garden, traversing a walk by a sheltered wall, where peaches grew; and against the wall was reared a little shed for tools—a sort of wood house, roofed with thatch.

"Alice," continued Mr. Pellew, very earnestly, "have you courage to remain? There is not so much danger staying here as you may think. You see this shed? Well, when night falls, help will be there, and you have but to call from a window to be heard. In the chaise that followed us were two Bow Street men, they and I will hide here when it grows dark enough; and, if all goes well, we shall not need to take our prey till the morning; but if you see signs of suspicion or of flight, draw your blind half way up, and bring your candle for a moment to the window. Can you do it? Will you stay?"

"I will stay," I answered. "I do not forget this villain so cruelly treated my only brother that the child fled from him, and maybe he is lying dead now in some lone wood. I am not afraid. I will stay, if you can manage to gain the woman's consent."

"You must feign illness," returned Mr. Pellew, "and I will manage the rest. You perceive the window of the spare room in which you will sleep is exactly opposite the shed. I remarked that when we went over the house."

"She did not take us to the upper rooms," I observed, suspiciously.

"You are of a curious disposition, Alice," returned Mr. Pellew, smilingly. "I have heard that of you. Well, to-night you must use all your faculties, and make all the discoveries you can, safely."

"I confess to a prying disposition," I answered; "and I won't deny I have listened at doors a good deal lately. But then I have been aggravated by a secret, and one which too nearly concerns me for me to stand upon ceremony about it. I know for certain, that for nearly three years past, some plot has been going on between Madeline and father concerning poor little Alfred. And the Duke de Briancourt is in it too."

Mr. Pellew's face changed color as I spoke, and his eyes sought the ground.

"You do not hate Madeline for this, I hope, Alice?" said he.

"Do you hate her, Mr. Pellew?" I asked; "or did my poor brother Tom hate her? It is not so easy to hate Madeline, though one may hate what she does. As for me, I am sorry to see her in father's clutches. Father's conscience is always at peace, let him do what he will; but Madeline's is a lake on fire, on which she tosses about in agony."

"We must save her, Alice," said Mr. Pellow, and his lips trembled. "You speak strongly but with truth. We are standing still too long; let us walk on. Forgive me, Alice, if I pain you by saying it but your father has duped Madeline for years. He has wrought a falsehood against her life and happiness, which will destroy her, unless your hand and mine can draw her back. Look upon your watch and your risk this night as a reparation of your father's wrong. He has sold Madeline to the Duke de Briancourt, Alice, and perhaps our utmost efforts may not rescue her from the madman's clutch."

Mr. Pellew spoke in a low voice, scarcely audible; but his agitation was so intense, that his face and lips were ashy pale. I understood at once the truth of his words; I remembered how often father and the duke were together at Naples, and how often I had heard of their being together in London. It must have been a strong motive on the duke's part to make him endure the society of Mr. Rathline. I felt my heart beat fast and the color rush to my cheeks; and I inwardly resolved that my father's wickedness should not be successful if I could frustrate it.

"Being Mr. Rathline's daughter," I said, "I owe my help to all his victims, Madeline included. Tell me what you really suspect."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Three masked robbers entered a house in a Milwaukee suburb, and had packed a large quantity of jewelry and clothing for removal without disturbing any of the inmates, when they came upon a young woman asleep in bed. An impulsive robber lifted his mask and kissed her, and she awoke and screamed, compelling the gang to decamp without their booty.

ROYAL PRESENTS.

THE marriage presents in the recent royal wedding in England were displayed in the white drawing room of Windsor Castle, and were added to up to the last moment. The officers of the Royal Artillery, in which the Duke of Connaught held a commission after leaving Woolwich Academy, presented him with a handsome silver centre piece, representing a squad of artillery serving a gun.

The room was filled with costly and splendid gifts and works of art. Diamonds blazed in one corner on a special table reserved for them. A centre table was occupied by plate and candelabra. Couches and guerdons had furs, cloaks, lace and embroidery disposed upon them. An excellent portrait of Princess Louise Margaret, by Van Angeli, dated 1879, stood close by the table of jewels. The Queen gave a magnificent diamond tiara, the brilliants hanging down in sparkling peaks from a central wreath of brilliants of pure water, also a pearl and diamond pendant, the jewel of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, a medallion of the Queen and the Prince Consort, and the jewel of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, her Majesty's royal and imperial cipher, "V., R. and I.," in diamonds, pearls, and turquoises, encircled by a border set with pearls, surmounted by the imperial crown jeweled and enameled in heraldic colors, attached to a light blue watered ribbon, edged with white.

The King and Queen of Belgium gave valuable Belgian lace and specimens of the finest products of the looms of Flanders, in sufficient quantities to be made up into several dresses, etc.

The Princess of Wales gave a ring set with the stone known as cateeye. The Prince of Wales gave a great mixing bowl, fifteen inches across, silver gilt, standing on an ebony plinth, and having a suitable inscription. The Crown Princess of Germany gave a fine oil painting, done by her own hand, and signed "Victoria, 1878," representing fruit and flowers. The Princess Beatrice's gift was a lamp, lacquered in the highest style of Japanese art. The Duke of Edinburgh, and sapphire ruby solitaires. The Duchess of Cambridge presented six handsome antique silver spoons. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz gave a fish-slice and fork, in a size and elaboration of workmanship to fit them for a royal table. The hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz gave a glass claret jug with gilt mounts, a lion and shield. Prince Christian contributed a pair of modern English candlesticks. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne are remembered in their absence by two silver candlesticks of an old design in exquisite taste. The Duke of Teck sends candelabra and a clock in lapis lazuli and ormolu. The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh gave a silver gilt tea service of the time of George III. The household gave a plateau of silver, with a centre for flowers. Earl of Beaconsfield gave a silver gilt repousse plateau, with a sea-horse; the Marquis of Salisbury, a massive silver tankard; Colonel Stanley, two silver gilt dessert-bowls.

Lord Napier, of Magdala, sent a tea service in silver, richly chased. Lady Breadalbane, a large album with the monogram of the Princess and Duke upon the cover. Major General Dillon, a bottle repousse, parcel-gilt, made in India for pouring libations of water to idols, but in England to be filled with claret.

The London Irish Rifles present an appropriate centre piece, with spike-helmeted riflemen skirmishing at the base; Lord Clonmel a silver box; Colonel Stannerly a breastpin with a sapphire set in diamonds; the gentlemen of Prince Leopold's household a mirror in a silver frame; Lieutenant General Parke a clock hung on a tripod of three elephant's tusks. These are a few of the most noteworthy in a long list of curious and beautiful things presented to the young couple.

WHAT KILLS.—In the school, as in the world, far more rust out than wear out. Study is most tedious and wearisome to those who study least. Drones always have the hardest time. Grumblers make poor scholars, and their lessons are uniformly "hard" and "too long." The time and thought expended in shirking would be ample to master their tasks. Sloth, gormandizing, and shirking, worry and kill thousands where over-study harms one. The curse of Heaven rests on laziness and gluttony. By the very constitution of our being they are fitted to beget that torpor and despondency which chill the blood, deaden the nerves, enfeeble the muscles and derange the whole vital machinery. Fretting, fidgeting, and anxiety are among the most common causes of disease. On the other hand, high aspiration and enthusiasm help digestion and respiration, and send an increased supply of vital energy to all parts of the body. Courage and work invigorate the whole system, and lift one into a purer atmosphere, above the reach of contagion. The lazy groan most over their "arduous duties," while earnest workers talk little about the exhausting labors of their profession. Of all creatures, the sloth would seem to be the most worried and worn. M. S.

BETWEEN TWO POSTS.

BY A. C. S.

Stay with me, relic of the rose
I gave her in love and June;
I know she must send you back, I suppose,
Some Autumn day, but the day she chose
Seems many a day too soon.

Silken-coiled you lay in her breast
And felt her heart grow cold,
And so died slowly, at least soft-prest,
Not as my heart dies now; for the rest,
'Tis much the same when told.

A word may come, there may yet be room
To hope and hold your troth;
Lie here at my heart, and share its doom—
If life, you may yet come forth from your tomb,
If death, I have buried you both.

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

[The following is the plot of "Beneath the Sea," so far as published. Manuel Laure, a talented, handsome Cuban has learned of the whereabouts of an immense sunken treasure in the Atlantic Ocean. Wishing assistance to procure it, he proceeds to England and submits the matter to Mr. Parkley a submarine contractor, offering to share equally in what is regained. Mr. Parkley has just taken into partnership with him Dutch Pugh, a young man, recently married, and his most trusted diver. After consulting with him the Cuban's proposition is agreed to, and preparations for the venture are got under way.

While these are in progress Laure is introduced to Pugh's wife Hester and is apparently deeply impressed by her beauty. Pugh becomes furiously jealous, though he manages to suppress all signs of such a feeling.

At Mr. Parkley's request he offers the Cuban the conveniences of his home until the expedition is ready. Various events of minor importance now crop out to the jealous mind of Pugh that Hester is encouraging the Cuban's attentions, and that the latter is in consequence thinking of giving up the enterprise. This suspicion seems to be confirmed by his going home one night and observing a waiting carriage, while shadowed on the curtains of his wife's room he sees two figures—a man holding a woman in his arms. Subsequently while trying to enter the house he meets Laure, whom he called a villian and who after a struggle fells him to the earth.

For some strange reason the diver does not ask an explanation nor really seek to know the truth, but only follows the impulses of his weak and jealous mind. Thus during the week he does not return to his home. By this time the vessel is ready for the start when the Cuban appears and tells Mr. Parkley if he takes Dutch with him, he will break the contract and not show where the treasure is located. Mr. Parkley refuses to do this and is in despair when Sam Oakum one of the old sailors on board the vessel, tells him he and Pollo the colored cook know the neighborhood of the sunken vessels, although not the precise spot. The Cuban, baffled, then departs vowing revenge.

Finally, the ship starts, although the Cuban by bribing them through agents induces the old crew to forsake the vessel. Hereupon it is necessary to secure another crew as hastily as possible, and among the men so engaged is Antonio, a mysterious mulatto, whom after events prove to be the Cuban in a most perfect disguise.

The vessel contains besides the crew, Captain Studwick, his daughter Bessy, an old sweetheart of the young diver, his son John an invalid, Dutch Pugh, Mr. Parkley, Sam Oakum, Pollo the cook, Mr. Maldon, a doctor, in love with Bessy, Mr. Wilson, a naturalist; Hasp, a cross-grained old diver, and others. Dutch, who has never felt thoroughly certain that his wife in any way admired the Cuban or is in the least degree disloyal to himself, is beginning to feel thoroughly wretched at not seeing her before leaving, when he is told that she is on board; having come, in spite of his cold treatment and cruel suspicions. Dutch, however, crushes the generous impulses of his heart and refuses to speak to her.

The journey comes to an end and with the assistance of Pollo and Oakum, one of the ships is discovered, but the spot is terribly infested with sharks. By means of dynamite cartridges, however, these are driven away temporarily and Dutch goes down in marine armor in search. He finds the treasure, all of which is recovered. But while the crew are otherwise engaged, the Cuban, disguised as a mulatto, approaching Hester Pugh who sits near the air pump which supplies her husband with air under the water, puts his foot upon the tube, and threatens, unless she promises to be his wife, to press the tube and drown Dutch. Hester, who appears to be under some strange spell with regard to the man, consents. Laure then says that if she exposes him he has it in his power to destroy in a single moment the ship and all on board and she believes him.

Still despite her promise she tries to tell her husband, but the Cuban as the mulatto sailor, always manages to be within hearing. It now, also, becomes apparent to Oakum and Pollo that something is wrong with the crew, and they accordingly watch.

While making a final examination of the wreck at the bottom of the sea, Dutch discovers a large collection of gold ingots, the existence of which had not been suspected, even by the Cuban. For some reason, however, on coming up he does not mention the fact to Mr Parkley.

One dark night as he is on deck, being unable to sleep from the warmth, Dutch hears his wife speaking with some one whose voice appears familiar. Suddenly there is a struggle and the voices cease. He follows his wife to her cabin and knocks at the door. She suspecting it to be Laure, who had been her companion on deck, begs Bessy Studwick for help. The latter, though she is beginning to suspect Mrs. Pugh on account of her strange conduct, threatens to alarm the ship if he does not leave. Dutch, more mystified than ever, does so, and as he gains the deck the women in the cabin hear an agonizing cry and the plunging of a body in the water beneath their window. This brings the tale down to the present chapter.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

A BIT OF A SCUFFLE.

POLLO suddenly whispered, "Da shark," as he pointed down to where the points of light flashed more vividly as they were agitated; and though they could not make out the shape of the monster, it was plain to see that some great fish was slowly gliding through the water.

"What's he hanging about after?" said Oakum, watching the place intently. "I should have thought it had been made too warm for them gentlemen, and they'd have given us a wide berth."

"He knows somebody go to die soon," said Pollo, in a low voice. "Dat Mass' Studwick or pretty Missee Pugh."

"Don't you talk humbug," said Oakum, with a growl. "Pnew! it's strange and hot. I shall go and turn in."

"You soon turn out again, Mass' Oakum, you go below. De cockroach hab fine game night like dis hyar, sah; and de skeetas buzz 'bout like anyfing. You 'top on deck and lay down under de awning. Dey coming on keck, dose oder chap, half baked, sah!"

"How do you know?" growled Sam.

"I hear some one, sah, just now come crawl up and—Oa! Goramighty, who hit me on de head?"

For just then there was a dull thud, a fall, and Sam Oakum felt himself seized from behind, and a hard hand placed over his mouth.

He was too sturdy a fellow, though, to submit to that; and wrenching himself free, he sent one of his assailants one way, and the other sprawling over the body of Pollo, and, darting aside, he gave a spring, caught at the inner side of the main shrouds, swung his legs up, and as the two men ran in pursuit of him, they passed beneath him in the darkness, and he climbed softly up higher and higher, then crawling round to the outside, and clung there, gazing down into the darkness below, feeling that he had had a narrow escape for his life.

"The ship's been boarded in the dark," he muttered, as he listened attentively, seeing nothing, but making out something of the proceedings by the sounds below.

There was no mistake about it: the ship had been taken with hardly so much as a scuffle, and though he could not see more than a figure trot quickly by one of the skylights, he could hear that the hatches were being secured, and men posted there; and for a minute felt sure that they had been boarded in the darkness, and that the principal men on the watch had kept a bad look out. Directly after, though, there came a bit more scuffling, and an oath or two, and he heard a voice that he knew; and then, like a light, it all came upon him, that while they had been watching out board, there was an enemy in the ship, and the men had risen.

Now came the noise of the cabin hatches being secured; then there were short, sharp orders here and there, followed by a struggle, a wild cry, and a heavy fall. Then came the splash heard below in the cabin, and Oakum muttered to himself:

"There's one poor fellow gone to his long home."

Then he set himself to make out who it could be, but his attention was taken off directly by sounds of the alarm having spread below.

"And now how about all the silver?" muttered Oakum. "That's about the size of what this here means."

Sam was right; for the ship had been seized for the sake of the silver found, and that which was to be discovered; for Laure had decided that it was not safe to wait any longer. He had been waiting his time, and had there been no chance of discovery he intended to let Parkley and Dutch go from wreck to wreck, and obtain all the sunken treasures possible before seizing the vessel. But now the plot seemed so ripe that if allowed to go further it might fail; so, exasperated by his encounter that evening, he had whispered his intentions to the men under his orders unfortunately more than half the crew, and as Sam Oakum listened from aloft he could hear the scoundrels hurrying about, the hatches secured, and then proceedings followed that showed him that the alarm had fully spread.

First there was the shivering a of skylight, Captain Studwick calling out to know what the noise meant, followed by beating and kicking at the door; and then several shots were fired, followed by a dead silence, broken by Laure's voice giving orders in a sharp business like way.

"I wonder where poor old Pollo is," said Sam Oakum, as he sat upon his perch thinking, and by force of habit he took out his tobacco box, helped himself to a bit, and began to consider about the perils of his position. Where he was would do very well for now, he argued; but as soon as the day began to break he would be seen, and then the probabilities were that he would be shot down.

"Leastwise, p'rhaps, they'll let me off at soon as I say I'll jyne 'em; but that won't come off. Now, who's in this game, I wonder? That yaller-skinned mulatto chap's one, for a dollar; and there's roughs enough among those as come aboard with him to make up a pretty crew, I'll swear."

Sam sat thinking while the captors of the vessel were pretty busy down below, and at last, one plug of tobacco being ended, he started upon another; but this time, not being so cautious, or rather having his attention taken up by what was passing below, he closed the steel tobacco box with a loud, clear snap, and in the stillness of the night this sounded so clearly that he knew he must be discovered.

To change his position was the work of a few moments; and while he was in the act of moving there was a sharp flash, and the report of a pistol, followed by another and another, the bullets whistling close by him.

"There's some one up in the rigging," said Laure, sharply. "It's that black cook."

"No," said another voice, "we fetched him down first off, and he's been pitched below."

"Who is it, then?" said Laure, speaking sharply.

"I think Oakum was on deck," said another voice.

"Here you Sam Oakum, come down," said Laure, in a clear, loud voice. "Come down, and you shall not be hurt."

"That's nice palaver, after sending bullets to fetch a man down," said Sam to himself; "and after pitching one poor chap to the sharks. I think I will stay where I am."

"Here, two of you to the port, and two to the starboard shrouds. Take your knives with you, and if the scoundrel won't give in, fetch him down the best way you can," he said.

Sam Oakum drew a long breath as he heard those words; and then, the rigging beginning to quiver, he set his teeth, and began to make cautiously for one of the stays, intending to get to the next mast; if he could contrive to reach the poop, he might climb over and join those below through the cabin windows.

It was ticklish work, though; for as he glided and swung from place to place, he could hear by the hard breathing that he was closely pursued. Spider like, too, the touching of the various ropes by his enemies gave him fair warning that he was in danger, though, unfortunately, his movements were in the same way telegraphed to his enemies.

At last they came so near that his capture seemed certain, or, if not capture, he felt sure that a blow from a knife would be his portion. For just as he was going to pass on the shrouds he had reached, he felt by their vibration that some fresh men were coming up, and, seizing a rope, he swung himself out clear from the top, and hung there, gently swaying about, hearing his pursuers pass close by him, so near that he could have stretched out one hand and touched them.

As far as he could judge, he was now just over the cabin skylight, and his heart bounded, for somewhere about here ought to be the top of the windsail hung up in the rigging, so that the great canvas tube might convey the fresh air below to take the place of the hot.

"If I could only reach that," thought Sam, "I might slip inside, and go down with a run into the cabin."

He felt about gently for some few moments—not a very easy task, swinging as he was—and then, to his great joy, he felt his leg come in contact with the rope that suspended the sail, threw his legs round it, and slid down to the top; then, feeling for the opening in the side, he thrust in his leg and held on for a moment, while he drew his knife and opened it with his teeth, determined to sell his life dearly if he should be assailed.

It was well he did so; for directly after, squaring his elbows so as to make all the resistance possible to a rapid descent, he let himself glide into the large canvas sack; but, in spite of his efforts, he went down with a rapid run, not as he expected into the cabin, but upon the deck, where he lay struggling for a few moments before he could get his knife to work, and rip up a sufficiently large slit to allow of his rolling out, and then leaped to his feet ready to meet the first attack that came.

The darkness befriended him, for no one dared fire for fear of hitting a friend, and though the noise of his fall brought his enemies round, it was only to seize one another; and in the midst of the confusion he escaped, and dashed off in a hard race, closely pursued by half a dozen scoundrels, whose purpose evident was to hunt him overboard.

Twice over he ran into some one's arms, and once he ran full tilt against an enemy, and sent him rolling over on to the deck; but he knew it couldn't last, and that, in spite of doubling, they must have him. He could hear panting, and voices all round, and on leaving off running and creeping cautiously about, more than once he felt some one pass close by—regularly felt them; they were so close. Once he thought of getting into the chains, but he knew if he did they would see him as soon as it was daybreak. Then he thought he might just as well jump overboard, and make an end of it, as be pitched over.

Directly after, Sam fancied he could crawl under the spare sail that covered the long-boat, and lie there. Last of all he made for the poop, meaning to try and climb down to one of the cabin windows; but he stopped half way on account of the binnacle light, and crept back towards the forepart to see if he could get back to the fore-cabin. But it was of no use, and the only wonder was that he did not run right into some one's arms; but the chances, perhaps, were not after all so very much against him, and he kept clear till they grew savage, and he could hear that they were cutting about with either knives or cutlasses; and, in spite of his troubles, he could not help wondering how they had come by their arms, for, of course, he could not know then how Laure had stolen them from the cabin while the captain was asleep.

Shouts and oaths rang around him, and over and over again poor Oakum felt that his only chance of escaping from one horrible death was by seeking another.

"But, no," he muttered, "I'm not going to be served like that." And he dodged round mast, galley, and boat, crouching under bulwarks, and escaping over and over again by a miracle, as he tried hard to think of some means of baffling his pursuers. The cabin skylight was too strongly covered with wirework, he thought, or he would have tried to leap through; and as to leaping overboard, swimming beneath the cabin window, and calling to those who were prisoners to lower down a rope, that was not to be thought of after the sight he had seen that night in the luminous water.

"I should be torn to pieces," he muttered. "Take that, you mutinous ruffian," he added, as he struck out fiercely at one of his enemies, lying down the next moment flat on the deck, so that a pursuer fell over him, and went down with a crash.

Try how he would, the fugitive was beaten. At every turn in the darkness, an enemy seemed to spring up in his way; and as he heard the whish of blows directed at him, he wondered he had escaped so long.

But a man running for his life is hard to overtake, especially if he have the darkness, for his ally; and so it was that at the end of five minutes, during which time Sam had been a dozen times within an ace of being taken, he was still at large, standing panting close to the forecastle hatch, while his enemies were creeping cautiously up, ready to make a spring.

"If I'm to be threw overboard," muttered Sam, "I won't go alone, anyhow. If the sharks is to be fed, they shall have a double allowance." And setting his teeth with a vicious, grating noise, he prepared for a run aft.

The darkness was now more intense than ever, for a thick mist had come off the land, enshrouding the deck so that Sam could not see the knife he grasped in his hand; but his ears were strained so that he could make out the panting breath of his enemies as they came nearer and nearer, and to his horror he found that they had spread themselves right across the deck; and his imagination suggested that they had joined hands so as to make sure that he did not escape, literally dragging the deck from stern forward, so he knew that they were certain of him this time.

His only chance seemed to be to run out on the bowsprit, and try to get by one of the stays on to the foremast; but the men were so close that he felt sure they would cut him down before he had gone a yard.

Crouching down, and backing, he was close to the capstan, when his foot came in contact with a fender, one of those heavy pads of cordage and network used to keep ship's sides from grinding on a stone wharf.

In an instant he had caught it up, and, raising it in both hands about his head, he waited his time, and then as the men closed up he hurled it with all his force against the nearest, catching him full in the chest, and sending him down like a skittle, when, as he uttered a cry, the others believing that the man they sought to capture had sprung upon him, closed in with a shout, and Oakum dashed by them again.

His triumph was but short-lived, for the men were after him directly, chasing him now more savagely than ever. Once or twice his bare feet had slipped on the wet deck, and he had shuddered, believing it to be blood; and, forgetting the place, as, now panting and nearly exhausted, he was running on, feeling that the time had come to stand at bay, one of his feet glided over the board, and, as he made an effort to save himself by a leap, there was a heavy crash, a fall, and he knew no more.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AWAKENING.

HOW long Dutch had been asleep he could not tell, but he was dreaming of some fresh trouble. He was diving, and one of the sharks kept striking him blows on the helmet, the noise seeming to reverberate within his brain when, making an effort, he dragged the helmet off, so as to more clearly see his enemy, and strike at it with his knife, when he awoke to hear noises overhead, the beating of feet, and, as he leaped out of his cot, struggling, a horrible cry, and he stood paralysed as, the next moment, the cabin door was banged to, and sounds came as of ropes being piled upon it.

"In God's name, what does this mean?" said the doctor, who had leaped out of his berth, and was hastily dressing.

"God only knows," replied Dutch. "But quick! Miss Studwick! My wife! Get to

their cabin door. Indians, perhaps, from the shore—an attack—we must save them."

"Even at the expense of our lives," said the doctor, in a low voice. "Have you taken my revolver, or my gun?"

"No, no. Mine are gone, too!" exclaimed Dutch. "Never mind, man, we have our hands. Quick!"

They rushed out of the cabin, nearly oversetting Mr. Parkley and the naturalist; but, paying no heed, Dutch rushed to the little cabin where his wife was clinging to Bessy Studwick, tried the door to find it fastened, and then with one kick sent it off its hinges.

"Hester!" he cried, hoarsely—"Hester!"

For answer she sprang to his neck, and clung there with a sigh of relief.

"This way," he said—"into the main cabin. Thank heaven you are safe."

"And you," she moaned, as she felt his strong arms round her; and, catching one of his hands convulsively, she pressed it upon her heart, while her lips sought for his in vain. "Dutch, Dutch; husband—call me wife once more."

"I'd give my life to do so, Hester," he whispered, passionately, the unknown peril of the night having broken down the icy barrier that had existed for so long.

"Dutch," she whispered back, "if truth to you deserves the right to be called your wife, you may speak the word."

"But it is no time to speak now," he exclaimed. "Some terrible calamity has befallen us."

"Yes, yes—it was what I feared!" she moaned, clinging more tightly to him.

"You feared?" he said. "But stop! Now, in this time of peril, Hester, when in a few moments we may be separated for ever, tell me the truth—you were speaking to some man, and even to-night?"

"Yes, Dutch," she said.

"It was that mulatto?"

"Mulatto!" she said, bitterly. It was Senor Laure."

"Laure!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I half suspected him. And you knew he was on board, and did not warn us," he added, in a tone of disgust, as he tried to free himself from his wife's embrace.

"I could only warn you at the peril of your life, Dutch," she said. "He threatened me."

They were interrupted by the voice of the captain, shouting for the door to be opened.

"Are you there, doctor?" said Dutch.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And Miss Studwick?"

"I am here,' said Bessy, quietly. "Hester, give me your hand."

It was pitch dark, and they dared not light a lamp for fear of making marks of themselves for those on board, especially as, in reply to the captain breaking the cabin skylight, a couple of pistol shots were fired down, fortunately without effect.

Just then Captain Studwick spoke.

"I cannot understand this," he said. "There must be some treachery somewhere, or we have been boarded in the night. It cannot be an Indian attack. Dutch Pugh, can Laure have overtaken us?"

"Overtaken us—poor children that we were to try to fight him with brains!" said Dutch, bitterly, "he has never let us out of his sight."

"What!" cried Mr. Parkley.

"He has been on board from the first, with a half dozen picked men."

"And he was the mulatto?" cried Captain Studwick. "Curse the fellow! Then we are indeed undone."

There was a few moment's silence, and then Captain Studwick spoke again.

"I always felt that there was something wrong—always. Bear me witness that I did, Pugh; and yet I could not tell what it was."

"You did," said Dutch, who was listening intently.

"But this is no time for talking," cried Mr. Parkley, excitedly. "The scoundrel! the villain! to outdo us like this; and at such a time, when we have just succeeded in getting the treasure. Only to think of it, we have been working like this for him."

"It has not come to that yet," said Dutch, quietly, and his voice sounded strangely in the dark. "We are fastened down here, of course, Studwick?"

"Yes, I have tried hard, but they have barricaded us," said the captain.

"How many are we here?" said Dutch

"Don't talk like that, Mr. Pugh," said Wilson, the naturalist. "You never mean to fight?"

"Englishmen always mean to fight, Mr. Wilson," said Dutch, sternly, "when there are women to protect."

"That was well said," whispered a voice from the far end of the little saloon. "I wish I was a strong hearty man like you."

"I wish so too, my boy," said Captain Studwick between his teeth. "Poor lad, his soul is strong, if his body is weak."

"Answer to your names, you who are here," said Dutch; and in return he repeated those of the captain, Mr. Parkley, the doctor, naturalist, and John Studwick. "The ladies, I know, are here," he added.

"Would to heaven they were not," muttered the doctor.

"There's more here nor you've called over," said a gruff voice.

"That's Rasp," cried Mr. Parkley eagerly.

"Yes, and there's a couple o'sailors here too," said the old fellow; "on'y they've lost their tongues."

"Who are they?" asked the captain, sharply.

"Here's Dick Rolls here, capen," said a rough voice.

"And who is that speaking?" said the captain.

"Robert Lennie, your honor," was the reply.

"The two men I suspected," whispered the captain to Dutch. "We've been on the wrong scent throughout."

"Miss Studwick had better go with my wife into the fore cabin," said Dutch; and his lips trembled as, at the words "my wife," he heard a faint sob. Then there was a low, rustling noise, and in a moment more all was still.

"Now, captain, quickly!" said Dutch; "had you not better serve out the arms?"

"They would have been served out before now, Pugh," was the reply, "if we had had them."

"You don't mean—" gasped Dutch; as he recollected missing his own pistol from its shelf in the little cabin.

"I mean that while our minds have been dead on the silver," said the captain, bitterly, "sharper brains than ours have been dead on seizing the golden opportunities. I have searched, and there is not a weapon left."

A low murmur ran round the cabin: and then there was a perfect silence, as they all stood there in the pitchy darkness and stifling heat, for the windsail had been withdrawn, listening intently to the sounds above; for it was evident now that some fresh disturbance was on foot—in fact, the noise of the discovery of Oakum now began to reach their ears, accompanied directly after by the sound of shots

"They are not all enemies on deck, then," said Dutch, eagerly. "Who can that be?"

"It must be Oakum or Mr. Jones," exclaimed the captain.

"Surely we have more true men on board than that?" said Dutch, who, in this time of emergency, seemed to take the lead.

"I hope so," was the captain's remark; and then once more there was silence on deck, following upon a sharp order or two that they could not make out.

Just then Dutch felt a hand laid upon his arm.

"Who is this?" he said, in a low voice.

"It is I—Meldon," said the doctor, in the same tone. "Lean towards me, Mr. Pugh."

"What do you wish to say?" said Dutch.

"Shall we be obliged to fight, Mr. Pugh?" whispered the doctor.

"Are you afraid, sir?" was the reply.

"Perhaps I am; it is only natural, Mr. Pugh," said the doctor. "I have seen so much of death, that I have learned to fear it more than a rough sailor or soldier perhaps; but I was not speaking for myself."

"I am glad of that," said Dutch, with something of a sneer: for he was annoyed at being interrupted at such a time.

"You need not sneer, Mr. Pugh," said the doctor, quietly. "What I fear is that if we come to some bloody struggle, it may mean death to some here."

"It is pretty sure to, sir—especially to one," he muttered "if I get him by the throat. Who is that moving there?" he said, aloud.

"On'y me, Mr. Pug," said a rough voice; and the doctor went on.

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Pugh," continued the doctor, in a whisper. "I mean that the shock might be fatal to young Studwick, and I am sure it would be, in her delicate state, to your wife."

"My wife should have stayed ashore, sir," said Dutch, rather bitterly; for he resented this interference.

"Your words are very bitter, Mr. Pugh," said the doctor, coldly; "and, excuse me, not manly at such a time. Ever since that night when I was called in to Mrs. Pugh, and she had that series of swoon—"

"You called in to my wife," said Dutch, who was now startled by the words—"one night?"

"Yes, Miss Studwick sent for me, as I was close at hand. Did you not know?"

"No, no," said Dutch. "I was away from home. I—I forgot—I did not know."

"I mean when I found her so weak and ill. You must know—that night I carried her up to bed."

"Yes—yes," said Dutch, in a strange voice, that he did not know for his own. "You mean that night when you carried her in your arms—to her bed room—there was a light there."

"Of course. Miss Studwick held it for me," said the doctor. "I thought you would recollect."

"Yes—yes," said Dutch, strangely. "I had forgotten. My God, I must have been mad!" he muttered.

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, in a low whisper.

"Nothing, nothing; go on, sir, pray."

"I am glad I have awakened your interest," said the doctor. "You thought me officious; but indeed, Mr. Pugh, she needs your care and thought. That night I thought she would have died. Some trouble, I fear, had given her incipient brain fever, and I really dread what may happen if she is subjected to this shock. If anything can be done—"

"I shall see—I shall see," said Dutch, hoarsely. "It was you, then, who carried her upstairs—not our regular practitioner," he added, with his voice trembling.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I thought you knew."

"Don't speak to me any more now, doctor," said Dutch, feeling for Mr. Meldon's hand, and pressing it warmly, "God bless you for this. I shall never forget it."

"It is nothing, Pugh, nothing," said the other, warmly. "Forgive me if I seemed to resent your words. I know you are much troubled now."

"Hark!" exclaimed Dutch. "Listen!"

There was a rush across the deck, evidently far forward, and once more silence.

"Heaven forgive me!" said Dutch, to himself; and then, in spite of the terrible peril they were in, he felt his way to the further cabin, and in a low voice whispered his wife's name.

"Hester, here!"

With a faint cry of joy, she stretched out her hands to him, for there was that in his voice which made her heart leap.

"Dutch! Dutch!" she whispered, as she wreathed her arms round his neck, and clung to him tightly.

"Hester, darling," he whispered, "you should curse me, and not treat me so. My darling, I have been mad, and have but just learnt the truth. Forgive me, dear, forgive me. One word, for I must go."

"Forgive you?" she whispered back, as she pressed her lips to his in a long, passionate kiss. "Husband, dear husband, tell me you believe in me again."

"Never to doubt you more, darling," he groaned. I cannot tell you now. Loose me—quickly—I must go."

"No, no," she whispered; "not yet, not yet—one more word, Dutch—one more word."

"Stand ready there, every one," said the captain, in a loud, stern voice, "and close up, gentlemen. Let every man aim at getting the weapons from the cowardly villains. Be firm: we are right on our side."

There was a sharp, rustling noise, and the loud tramp of feet overhead; and then the captain's voice was heard once more out of the darkness:

"Quick, there! Where is Dutch Pugh? The scoundrels are coming down."

The noise overhead increased as Dutch tore himself from his wife's arms, and hurried to join the defenders; but the captain's words were premature, as, after a few minutes, the sounds seemed to go forward once more and almost to escape, and just then Rasp's voice was heard—

"I've been having a rummage about, and here's two or three tools to go on with. S'pose you take this, Mr. Pug—it's your knife; and here's one for you, Mr. Parkley, and one for the captain. Is there any gentleman would like an axe?"

"Give it to me," said the doctor. "Have you anything for yourself?"

"Only another axe," said the old fellow; "but it's as sharp as a razor."

The diving implements in Rasp's cabin had been forgotten by all save him, and these he now passed round, sending a thrill of satisfaction through all present, for it was like doubling their strength; and, as those who were armed now stood round the door, there was a rush of feet overhead, the sound of curses, a heavy fall, and those below felt mad with rage at being unable to go to the aid of some one who was evidently fighting on their side, when there was a tremendous crash; and something heavy fell through the skylight to the floor by their side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In family names Steward, Stewart, Stuard, Abbot, Knight, Lord, Bishop, Prior, Chamberlain Falconer, Leggett (legate) either signified what the persons so styled were, or they were given them in jest or derision, like the names King, Prince, and Pope. The termination ward indicates a keeper, as Durward, doorkeeper; Hayward, keeper of the town cattle; Woodward, forest-keeper.

Read, Reed or Reid is an old form of spelling red, and was bestowed, as White, Brown and Black were, to denote the color worn or the complexion had. Hogarth, from the Dutch, means generous, highnatured; Rush is subtle; Bowne, ready; Bonner, kind, gracious; Eldrige, wild, ghastly.

THE PRESSURE OF SEA WATER.—The Challenger Exploring expedition off the coast of Portugal, brought up a fish living at the bottom of the sea and kept together by the pressure of the water, which, when brought to the surface exploded to atoms.

A knavish attorney asked a very worthy gentleman what was honesty. "What is that to you? Meddle with those things which concern you," was the instant reply.

Scientific and Useful.

DYSPEPSIA.—A simple and effectual remedy for dyspepsia is to abstain from drinking immediately before and during meals, and for an hour afterwards.

SMOKE.—Smoke is not, as many persons imagine, lighter than air; it is, however, carried up by the heated air, which, being lighter than the surrounding atmosphere, is pressed upward. Smoke accounts because it is intermixed with vapors gases and warm air.

REMOVING INK MARKS.—Papers or prints which are inkmarked may be restored almost to their original state by the action of chloride of lime, the print being floated in a common sponging bath filled with a clear solution of the chloride of lime. It should afterwards be well washed with plain water.

PROTECTION FROM BURGLARS.—The latest application of electricity to the protection of buildings from burglars is a simple arrangement by means of which it can be ascertained, after the premises are shut up, that every partition from door is closed; if any of these has been neglected, the omission is at once detected.

ELECTRIC POWER.—Power may now be transmitted for long distances by means of the electric current and very fine wires. In a recent experiment currents of high electric motive force, generated by an electric machine were sent, using wires of exceedingly small diameters, to another machine which gave off considerable power.

FACTS.—Some wasps sting twenty four hours after they have been cut to two. Science enumerates 558 species of organic forms in the air we breathe. The number of chemical rays varies throughout the day, reaching the maximum at noon. It is well to remember that repeated shocks of electricity will revive a person dying from an overdose of chloroform. Every pound of cochineal contains 70,000 insects boiled to death; 700,000 pounds are annually used for scarlet and crimson dyes.

LIFE SAVING MATTRESSES.—The Navy Department has been experimenting with a mattress designed for use on vessels at sea, with results said to be favorable. The mattress is filled with cotton, but the process of preparation to which the cotton has been subjected makes it impervious to water for many hours, and renders it capable of sustaining a heavy weight—that of a man without any difficulty. It possesses other properties which it is claimed, make it a most comfortable bed; the cotton being free from all oils and impurities, not liable to knot or pack, and proof against vermin of every kind.

Farm and Garden.

EVERGREEN HEDGES.—The two best hedge plants for general purposes are the osage orange and honey locust. The former does better further South, and the latter further North.

ROMAN DITCHES.—The agricultural ditches of the Romans were open or closed; the latter usually three feet at the top, eighteen inches at bottom. The lower portion was filled with stone or gravel, a layer of pine leaves or willows, and then the earth replaced. Sometimes a large rope of withes, or a bundle of poles was placed at the bottom.

CARE OF THE FARM.—Farmers lose money by keeping no account of farm operations, paying no attention to the maxim that "a stitch in time saves nine;" allowing fences to remain unrepaired until strange cattle are found grazing in the meadow, grain fields, or browsing on the fruit trees, planting fruit trees without giving the trees the attention required to make them profitable, and many other forms of neglect.

TO KILL MOSS ON MEADOW LAND.—The mossy parts of the meadow should be well manured with good, well-rotted stable dung in the autumn; and if practicable, the grass should be fed off the following spring with sheep. Nitrate of soda sown on the mossy parts of the field will also kill the moss, and is an excellent manure for the grass, but this should not be sown at the rate of more than one and a half cwt. per acre.

MULES IN AMERICA.—Previous to 1783 there but few mules in this country, and those of an inferior order. It is well known that Washington introduced into the United states a superior breed of mules. As soon as it became known abroad that this illustrious statesman and farmer desired to stock his Mount Vernon estate with mules, the king of Spain sent him a jack and two jennies from the royal stables, and Lafayette sent jack and jennies from the island of Malta.

THE MANGE.—Dogs and cats are pets in many families, and the many canine and feline ills their flesh is heir to, are deserving of attention. One of the most common ailings one will have to treat is the mange. This consists of a parasitic mite which burrows in the skin. The cure is to rub the diseased parts with an ointment of lard and sulphur, well ground together, after having washed the skin with warm water and soap. Carbolic acid mixed with ten times its weight of lard or glycerine may be used for other animals, but for dogs this acid is dangerous, being absorbed by the skin and acting as a poison on the blood.

THE COMB OF THE FOWL.—The comb of each fowl is a true index to the working of its system. If they be in ill health, the comb will lose color and become far less firm in texture; as the malady increases, till a very sick bird will show a comb almost devoid of scarlet, being of a livid dull crimson, or else pale or ashy in appearance. If the cholera or any other disease, should come into the flock, carefully examine the combs of each bird, morning and night, and all those which are wanting in that rich color which denotes perfect health, remove at once from the flock to a place remote where they should be put under medical treatment.

THE VIRGINIA CREEPER.—If a strong plant of this beautiful runner be put in by the side of one of the posts of a porch, and if all side shoots are surpressed as they appear, it will climb to the eaves the first summer. Let it divide there, and guide an arm each way along a wire near the front edge of the roof, and from those arms there will issue the third year a pendant fringe or curtain, three or four feet deep, of unequalled shades of comforting green, from the deepest to the tenderest. And if these shoots are cut back hard when they have lost their leaves, they will be succeeded, season after season, with fresh ones, stronger and more luxuriantly large, and green, and dense, and glossy as the years go by.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 29, 1879.

THE ART OF FORGETTING.

WHAT a blessed thing it is that we can forget! To-day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight. Says one writer: "If you would keep a book, and daily put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you. You allow a thing to annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper (or, rather, get it); for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it; and you justify yourselves for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it up, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter." The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, progress, and outcome of some of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them, that we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds, and vexations.

ONE of the meanest things on earth is a toady. The bluntest, roughest creature that independence ever made is preferable to a fawning, clinging toady, who for the sake of money or favor praises what he detests, flatters without admiring, changes his opinions at a nod, and would lick the dust from the shoes of one in power could he further his own ends thereby. With some people the toady passes for an amiable soul who likes to please, but could they see him with those from whom he can gain nothing, they would discover their mistake. How he snubs such people! What bitter things he can say; how well he can give the cold shoulder. All the venom which he hides when it is his interest to do so, he vents upon those who have neither money nor influence. His very face changes; his smiles are gone; he is cold and snappish; he scowls and frowns. Wretched toady! Happily, those on whom he frowns are seldom taken in by him, and more happily still, he is a rare specimen of human nature.

IN the present number of the POST we begin a new story entitled, "Inez; or, Lord Lynne's Choice," by the author of "Weaker than a Woman," "From Gloom to Sunlight," etc. It is in every respect the equal of those charming productions, and our readers may justly expect a delightful treat in its perusal.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT was long ago shown by statistics that in general married people have a less mortality than the unmarried, but M. Jansens, of Brussels, in following up the same matter, has reached some other conclusions which are rather surprising. He states from his experience that while married people commit less crimes and are less prone to suicide than the unmarried, widowers kill themselves much more than married men, and that while men with children are of more reputable life than those without them, widows with children, on the contrary, are more likely to be wicked than widows without them.

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THE Bank of France has hit upon an ingenious method of treating doubtful customers. The establishment has for some time past availed itself of photography, and among its officers is a photographic detective, to examine suspicious documents through a camera, which exercises a sharper vision than the human eye, and can detect the most careful erasures and alterations. The bank has now added to its precautions an invisible placed in the gallery behind the cashiers, and whenever a signal is given, is trained upon any one desired, and an accurate picture taken of him while engaged in conversation by the officers in charge.

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SOME interesting statistics of the recruiting for the Russian army during the past year have just been published at St. Petersburg. The number of recruits inscribed on the lists was 319 000, but only 314 940 actually joined the ranks. Of the 3 060 who did not present themselves 2 666 were Jews. It is still found very difficult to compel Jews to serve in the army. The total number of the recruits, which in previous years was never above 700,000, last year rose to 759,000. This increase is accounted for by the circumstance that those who had been previously called in were born during the Crimean war, when the births, as usual in time of war, were far below the normal number.

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THE contradictory testimony of experts as to the existence of poison in the bodies of dead persons has puzzled many a jury. Now comes Professor Selmi, of Bologna, with the discovery that, in the decaying bodies of persons who have died a natural death he finds a substance so closely resembling well known poisons as to be readily mistaken for them. In his explanation he shows how similar these animal alkali are to the vegetable poisons used by criminals. His tests to distinguish between them are hardly less valuable than the discovery itself; and if all that Professor Selmi pretends to have found be true, a change in the manner of conducting a certain class of criminal trials may follow.

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THE Bee-Keepers' Association desire to return good for evil. While dishonest men are striving to spoil the honey market by selling imitation honey made of glucose and artificial flavorings, the bee-keepers are anxious to furnish an unquestionably wholesome substitute for the glucose used by cooks, confectioners and brewers. Accordingly they have offered a prize for the discovery of a method of converting honey into a form of crystalline sugar. California honey already sells for seven cents a pound at wholesale, and whoever will succeed in producing a honey sugar will give a great impetus to an already profitable and rapidly growing industry. It is needless to add that he will also win a prize to which the bee-keepers' offer will be only an earnest.

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WHEN the history of the present walking mania comes to be written, it will be placed among the thousand other bubbles which from time to time have distracted the minds of ill-balanced people. To-day there are thousand of men and women inflamed with an insane desire to walk immoderately, who probably never before have taken any pedestrian exercise worth mentioning. If the wonderful feats that have been accomplished in exceptional instances inspired a public sentiment in favor of universal and moderate walking, that would be a legitimate, praiseworthy and beneficial result. Meanwhile, the triumphs achieved by ambitious pedestrians, male and female, who come out of the arena either maddened or moribund, seem only to incite a feverish curiosity and a morbid competition.

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THE Parisiennes are wild about what they call the English fashion of wearing living jewelry. The fashion is, in fact, not English, but American; it was set by a fair American, once an ornament of the court of St. Petersburg, whose American beetle, however, was too rare a creature ever to become a fashion. The British Museum possesses a dead specimen, but there is only this one alive in England; so that if the mode becomes established humbler members of the family will be pressed into the service. The glossy black of the common cockroach, relieved with gold harness of exquisite workmanship, would really be more effective than the dull brown and black of the Mexican beetle. Fashion recommends the plentiful and unpretentious cockroach to the blonde beauty, while the brunette might make something of the cricket of the hearth.

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THERE is in France a society called "The League of Instruction," formed in 1876. The League gives special attention to the propagation of intelligence among the population of the rural regions. It holds that mere schooling is not education; and hence it seeks to establish all through France village libraries largely made up of books on agriculture and the various industries. It also furnishes special libraries for soldiers. The League has become a centre of educational societies, the number of which runs over four hundred, with thirty-five thousand members. Thus far the League has established 246 libraries for the villages, and 171 for soldiers; and it has also made contributions to 226 libraries that were previously in existence. The success of the League has been aided by the fact that each member has the right to introduce any motion or proposition, and by the publication of the proceedings of all the meetings.

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A SUBJECT of more than ordinary interest is now under consideration by a committee of the Medico-Legal Society, and it is deemed probable that the result of the research and report of the committee will be the passage of a law providing for the verification of every case of supposed death occurring in New York city. The wisdom and necessity of such a law can hardly be questioned by any one who has given the subject any careful thought, and so thoroughly is it acknowledged by Europeans that in every principal country of Europe legal cognizance is taken of the possibility of syncope being mistaken for death. And in nearly all, if not all, of the principal cities on the Continent there is an officer of the law whose duty it is to decide in every case of apparent death whether it is or is not real. In England and America, however, no protection is afforded by the statutes against the possibility of a live person being buried.

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OF all the manias there is none that has so much to say for itself as bibliomania. The rational bibliomaniac—if the phrase may be used without perpetrating a bull—is a useful man in his generation. It is to him that scholars are indebted for the preservation of the materials they work with. It is his dearly bought knowledge that saves many a piece of literature from perdition, rescues many an old author on the brink of oblivion, and enriches national libraries with their most precious treasures. But the varieties of the bibliomaniac are as many and diverse as those of the dog. There is the first-edition man, whose craze is by no means the useless and frivolous one which the outer world is apt to consider it. There is the choice-edition man; and the early-press man, to whom the printer is an infinitely more important personage than the author; and the rarity man, in whose estimation a unique spelling book ranks above a first folio Shakspeare. And then there is the whole category of specialists; and probably there is no class of books, from Bibles to almanacs, that has not its special devotees.

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SEVERAL prominent gentlemen of Newport, R. I., have organized a Sanitary Protection Society, the object of which is to secure for the residences of the members and for such other buildings as they may be interested in as perfect sanitary conditions as may be possible. It is believed to be the first association of the kind formed in America. Each member, on paying a small fee, is entitled to certain privileges, among which are a report by the engineer on the sanitary condition of their dwellings or property, with specific recommendations, if necessary, as to the improvement of drainage, water supply and ventilation, and a report upon the water by an analyst; occasional supplementary inspection of the same premises; an annual inspection of the premises and test of the water, and a report on the sanitary condition of any public building. A member owning several houses can subscribe on account of and have the same privileges in regard to each. For moderate extra fees members can also obtain reports on the dwellings of the very poor and on cottages offered for rent. The society employs a consulting and inspecting engineer and a chemical analyst, all experts.

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COFFEE DRINKERS will read with interest some observations made by the Principal of the Inland Revenue Laboratory, in his annual report just printed relative to an ingenious method of adulterating that article which has lately been discovered. Owing to the ease with which roasted vegetable matter can be prepared so as to look like coffee, substitutes for, or adulteration of it, are frequent. The substance most recently detected as an adulterant is date stones, which, after being roasted and ground, form such an imitation of coffee as would, when mixed with the genuine article, readily deceive the consumer. The early detection and suppression of this mode of adulteration were effected by the inland revenue authorities at Somerset House, in consequence of information sent by a supervisor at Liverpool that many tons of date stones, a refuse from the manufacture of spirits at one of the distilleries there, and which had up to that time been considered useless, were being bought by a foreign gentleman to be sent to Manchester, and believed to be intended as an adulterant of coffee. The inquiry made led to the discovery that a manufactory had been started in Manchester for the preparation of "Melilotine coffee," a compound in about equal proportions of coffee, chicory and date-stones. A seizure has since been made there of about seven tons of "Melilotine coffee," and of the prepared date-stones. The manufactory had barely got into working order, and very little of the "Melilotine coffee" has been sent into consumption.

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A CONTEMPORARY paper says: There is a good deal of perverted ingenuity in the world besides that which is directly criminal or mischievous in its purpose. It is indirectly criminal because it is a waste of labor and skill, sometimes even of health and life, in doing a difficult but utterly useless thing merely to show that it can be done, or for the sake of the notoriety which the achievement is likely to gain. Every museum has specimens of this misapplied toil and ingenuity—miniature models, carvings, and the like, which are marvels of delicacy and elaboration, but of no real artistic merit and of no possible practical value. While now and then we read accounts of some wonderful piece of work, the result of a long expenditure of time and ingenuity, which often adds but little to the list of useful appliances of labor. Among the latest is an account of a marvel of constructive ingenuity on exhibition at St. Petersburg. The article is a watch of about the size of an egg, said to have been made by a Russian peasant. Within it is represented the tomb of Christ, with a stone at the entrance and the sentinel on duty. While the spectator is admiring this curious piece of mechanism, the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinel drops, the angels appear, the women enter the sepulchre, and the same chant is heard which is performed in the Greek Church at eve. In contrast to this we hear there is a demand for a hand loom for amateurs' use. A correspondent writes: "We can get lathes and fret saws and printing presses and other machinery for the use of amateurs in abundance. But a compact, portable hand loom would be a novelty, of which it might with some truth be said that no house would be complete without it." The number of people seeking industrial recreation is very large, and out of these a profitable clientage can be secured, no doubt by whoever will offer them the novelty called for. It may pay some of our inventive readers to give the matter a little practical consideration.

THE SWALLOWS.

BY C. P. D.

The swallows twitter in the crowded eaves,
And fill the twilight with a quiet glee,
Which best befits the hour—dearer to me
Than song of lark as heaven he proudly cleaves,
Or blackbird, lost in summer's wealth of leaves.
Each is a winged thought—glad memories
Bringing of sunny lands and halcyon seas:
My spirit listens rapt, yet inly grieves
How brief the pleasure that their presence brings,
Since summer-given, with summer they depart;
And such as these are all earth's pleasant things—
Fame, riches, friends—the swallows of the heart;
Yet pleased I listen on, though pensive still,
And of the present gladness drink my fill.

THE TWO SYBILS.

BY E. L. S.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

ALL unconsciously Sir Percy helped her to decide against himself. Bending over her, he said soothingly.

"I have been rash and hasty, and have frightened you. If you will not speak, dearest, look up a moment, and I shall read my answer in those sweet truth-speaking eyes."

Yes; that was enough to brace her for the effort she had to make. The face she raised to his was pale and rigid, but her voice was steady.

"Sir Percy, I have tried to prevent your making this avowal. I am sorry to hurt you by telling you that I cannot be your wife, but perhaps it will reconcile you to the pain when you hear that I am utterly unworthy of the honor you offer me." Then she grew more brave, and rising, she stood erect before him. "When I tell you that I have been for weeks a guest in Mr. Cameron's house under an assumed name, that my life during that time has been one long falsehood, that I am not Sibyl Montgomery, and am no heiress, you will agree with me that I am no fit wife for Sir Percy Lowther."

He stood petrified. He could not realise that one whom he had enshrined in his heart as all that was true and noble should be false and an impostor; yet here was her own confession; his idol stood shattered before him, and by its fall had well nigh broken his heart too. He would have sought an explanation, but Rose had left him. She now heard what she had heard before, to her great relief, Norval's whistle quite close to them, and he found Rose weeping hysterically in Lily's arms.

This he attributed to shame at the confession that she had just made, while Norval and Lily concluded that her agitation was the result of the anxiety she had felt.

Rose put herself under Norval's care, while Sir Percy took charge of Lily, and all probably found they had enough to do to order their steps aright, for there was very little conversation.

In answer to their whistle, the pastor emerged from his place of shelter, and shortly after the party was thus reunited the mist rose, and their way lay clear before them.

Sir Percy took an early opportunity of leaving, pleading his anxiety about letters as his excuse.

He and Rose parted very coldly, and the others began to wonder if any serious misunderstanding had arisen between them.

On their return to Glenach, Rose pleaded fatigue, and retired to her room at once, and Mr. M'Larty left immediately after dinner.

Norval then took Lily's hand and led her to his mother's chair.

"Dearest mother you have hitherto spent all your love on me: can you find room in your heart for a daughter who is far more worthy of your affection than I can ever be?"

Mrs. Cameron opened her arms, and Lily hid her face in her bosom.

Norval bent and received his mother's kiss and blessing, pressed his lips to Lily's bowed head, and said,

"I have business that must be attended to, although I feel a little jealous of leaving my Lily even with you, mother."

Lily sat on a stool at Mrs. Cameron's feet and leant her cheek on her knee.

"Dear Mrs. Cameron, I feel that I have no right to receive your caresses while I keep from you a secret that affects Rose and me; but our tongues are tied till to-morrow, when you and Norval will know all."

"My tongue is not tied from guessing, is it, sweet one? Is not this mighty secret that you and Rose are two wicked little impostors, who have cheated us and abused our confidence ever since you came to the house?"

Lily caught her hand and pressed it to her lips.

"Dear Mrs. Cameron, it is such a relief that you know and are not angry. We have been dreading to-morrow, when you and Norval would know what we had done. Do you think he will forgive us?"

"I think he can hardly resist two such pleaders; and if you like I will undertake the task of explaining the matter."

Lily had not much to tell Mrs. Cameron that her sharp eyes had not already discovered, and she hastened to tell Rose the news.

CHAPTER V.

ON the morning of Lily's birthday Rose went out early, that she might be alone. She chose the path to the river, and took her stand on an isolated rock that overhung a deep pool. In the turbulent, brawling, restless, struggling stream she found some sympathy with her mood. She thought bitterly of the doom she had pronounced upon herself of separation from Sir Percy; and while she felt the pain of her wounded heart, a feeling of compunction rose in her mind for the way in which she had encouraged Mr. M'Larty's attentions, notwithstanding her conviction that the minister had as strong a love of the goods with which he thought she would endow him as of herself, and she resolved henceforth to be more circumspect.

Good resolutions are excellent things in their proper time and place, but they may come too late to be available. Rose's sins continued to find her out; she had sown the wind, and the whirlwind was approaching her in the form of the sleek divine.

It is no ordinary business that has brought him out this morning: he is armed at all points for conquest. His coat shines as it hangs in folds from his sloping shoulders, his tall hat shines with recent ironing, his hair shines as if newly anointed, and his face shines with Sunday lustre, for the day is warm, and he has walked with no laggard step.

He was on his way to Glenach, to call on Miss Montgomery to tell her—well, in fact, to tell her that he meant to make her his wife. But Fortune favors the brave, and his heart thumped against his new clerical waistcoat when he saw his beloved, and realized the advantage that her romantic surroundings would give him in declaring his intentions. But, alas, man only proposes!

While he paused to give some final touches to his toilet, Rose turned round. It was a trying moment for her, and tested the strength of her newly formed good resolutions to preserve a becoming gravity.

Never did luckless wight present a more undignified appearance to the lady of his love. He had taken off his hat and placed it between his knees, to leave his hands free. In one hand he held a handkerchief, with which he mopped his face, and in the other a pocket-comb, with which to arrange his glossy locks. But he was not abashed. Hastily disposing of comb and handkerchief, he released his hat, and resumed the upright position to which his manhood entitled him.

He approached Rose with a smirk of pleasure, which had a dash of patronage in it.

Instinctively Rose comprehended the situation, and seeing that escape was impossible, resolved to keep the advantage that her almost insular position on the rock gave her.

"Good-morning, Miss Montgomery. I was on the way to the house when I caught sight of your form, adding beauty to this charming scene."

"Mrs. Cameron is at home, and will be glad to see you."

"But it was not to see Mrs. Cameron I was going," he said, with an insinuating smile.

"Oh, Mr. Cameron is on the opposite side of the river; if you cross the bridge you will be sure to see him."

And Rose looked round in vain for help. No happy lovers could have desired more perfect solitude.

"It was to see you I was going," said Mr. M'Larty, "to tell you, dear Sibyl, that I love you, and that I long for the time when I can transplant my beautiful Rose to the manse, to tend her and make her my chiefest joy."

This speech had been carefully prepared over night, and was most effectively delivered.

Rose was silent a minute, considering how she should make her rejection least painful. But Mr. M'Larty put an entirely different construction on her silence, and hastened forward to clasp his treasure to his heart.

As he approached Rose gave a quick glance behind her. All her good resolutions vanished; a dimple became apparent in her cheek, and her eye showed the signal "Danger." Mr. M'Larty, however, had misinterpreted the signal, and sprang on the rock on which Rose stood.

But no fond endearing words followed, only a heavy splash; and was it—no, it could not be—a muttered oath?—it must have been the sound of the water.

As he leapt on the rock, Rose, quicker than he, sprang lightly on the bank, leaving (was it purely accidental?) her parasol projecting over the stone. Tripping on it, the Rev. David stretched out his hand to catch Rose's, but he only grasped thin air. That affording him no support, he fell into the pool, and spoilt the fishing for the day.

A low mischievous laugh escaped from Rose; then her conscience smote her, and she set about trying to repair the mischief she had done. It required a stern sense of duty to enable her to keep her countenance when she saw the pastor's head and shoulders emerge from the water; nevertheless she gravely gave him her hand to help him out, and risked a wetting herself to rescue his hat with the handle of her parasol.

She was moved to pity when she saw him stand dripping before her, and holding out her hand, said:

"I shall not ask you to go home with me now; and may I ask a favor?—that you will not allude to anything that has occurred to-day, and be assured that I shall not mention it."

And she did not.

The ardor of Mr. M'Larty was sufficiently cooled to allow him to take Rose's request for silence as a rejection of his suit; and on the dying embers of his love for the beautiful heiress rose the almost extinguished flame of his love for the stout and hearty, and very much his senior, Miss Betsey M'Naughton.

The farm of Drumdrochit lay on his way home from Glenach to the manse; and what more natural than that, cold and wet as he was, he should look in to warm himself?

Fortunately Miss Betsey's compassion and sympathy with his plight were too absorbing to admit of a very particular inquiry into its cause.

The farmer supplied him with garments, not strictly clerical perhaps, and dinner being ready, the minister stayed to ask a blessing and to take a share.

The fair Betsey excelled in cooking, and Mr. M'Larty loved a savory mess. As he felt warmed and comforted he felt disposed to bless Miss Betsey—nay, more, he felt disposed to think Miss Betsey might prove a blessing to him.

A "tumbler," mixed by her fair hands, established her in her former position in his heart.

That visit to Drumdrochit was followed by many others; and in a few weeks the pastoral arms encircled, so far as they could, the plump waist of the minister's future wife.

When questioned as to his attentions to Miss Montgomery, he omitted to mention their meeting by the river side; nay, we are not sure that, in time, he did not persuade himself that he had shown great skill in eluding Rose's attempt to marry him, the Rev. David M'Larty.

When Rose returned home after her interview with the minister she joined Lily, and they were immediately afterwards summoned to the library, that the business papers might be signed. Lily was very nervous; Rose was less concerned, because she felt that the worst that could befall her had already happened. They were greatly comforted by Mrs. Cameron having undertaken to explain their motives, and they found her in the library with her son.

Rose was standing at the window, when the sound of footsteps in the hall made her start and shrink behind the curtains to hide her flushed cheeks.

Sir Percy Lowther was announced, and Norval advanced to meet him.

"This is most fortunate, Lowther; you are just in time to witness Miss Montgomery's signature."

Sir Percy reddened a little.

"Miss Montgomery and you will, I am sure, excuse me. I have just stopped in for a few minutes to say good-bye, and to thank Mrs. Cameron and you for all your kindness, and for the many happy hours I have spent under your roof; such happiness," he added sadly, "as I am not likely to enjoy again."

"Why such a hurried farewell, Sir Percy?" said Mrs. Cameron, kindly. "You have no bad news, I hope, to call you away so suddenly?"

"I find I have lingered here too long, and must hasten south to-morrow."

Rose emerged from her hiding-place, and she and Sir Percy bowed, without offering to shake hands.

Mrs. Cameron and Norval looked surprised, but Lily understood, and resolved that Sir Percy should know the truth. She turned to him:

"If I ask you to remain a little, you will not refuse?"

He could not resist the pleading of that sweet face, and consented, though reluctantly.

Norval arranged the papers, and looking at Rose said:

"Come, Sibyl, we are ready. I have marked the place where you are to sign your name."

Rose blushed painfully, the more so that she felt Sir Percy's eye fixed on her, and glided up to Mrs. Cameron's chair, as if to put herself under her protection.

Norval stood on the opposite side of the table from his mother, on the right hand of the chair he had placed for Rose, with his finger pointing to the place where she was to sign her name. Lily was standing on the other side of the chair, and, as Norval finished speaking, she slipped into it, and, before Norman realised what she was doing, she signed her name "Sibyl Montgomery."

Norval caught her hand, but too late.

"Sibyl, what have you done? You must know you have no right to sign Rose's name."

"I have not done so, Norval; I have signed my own."

She rose and laid her hand gently on his arm.

"I am Sibyl Montgomery, and Rose is Sibyl Dewsbury; forgive us, dear Norval, for deceiving you."

But Norval was far too bewildered to understand, and he turned inquiringly from one to another.

Mrs. Cameron proceeded to explain.

"Listen to me, my son. The two culprits," laying her hand fondly on Rose's, "have pleaded guilty, but have appointed me their counsel to urge extenuating circumstances before judgment is pronounced."

She then told of Lily's morbid longing to win affection independently of her fortune, and of Rose's innocent offer to relieve her of her burden for a time, and their having thoughtlessly bound themselves to keep their secret till Lily's birthday.

Mrs. Cameron addressed her son, and both of them had forgotten Sir Percy's presence, so that he was able to listen and to watch Rose without remark, and his features relaxed from their cold and stern expression.

Rose had never looked lovelier than now, as she stood with her graceful figure drooping, her hair pushed back from her forehead, and the dark eyelashes resting on her now pale cheeks, to keep the ready tears from falling.

Sir Percy inwardly cursed his folly in believing that so pure and gentle a being could be capable of imposture and falsehood. And now, when he heard the true foundation of her self accusation, he reverenced and loved her the more for that tenderness of conscience that put such a construction on the passing whim of a lively girl.

When Mrs. Cameron finished Rose could bear the strain no longer, and she quietly passed through the open window. She hastened down the path that led to the lake, where she threw herself on a mossy seat, and her pent up feelings found relief in a flood of tears.

She had herself cast away Sir Percy's proffered love, but it cut her to the heart to be acknowledged only by a frigid bow, and when he had heard everything he had given no sign that he had despised and condemned her less.

She had tried to believe that she could return him scorn for scorn, that she could tear his image from her heart, and forget that she had known him. But it was only now, when she was about to lose sight of him for ever, that she realized how inexpressibly dear he had become to her.

As she sat with her face hidden in her hands she felt them grasped by two strong ones, and drawn gently away, and then she saw Sir Percy kneeling before her.

"Sibyl, my dearest, can you ever forgive me for believing, even from your own lips, that you could be aught but noble and true and lovely? Rose, dear Rose, you must love me; I cannot live without you: only one word, one smile, will make me far happier than I deserve."

But no word, no smile, answered his impassioned appeal; the ready tears rushed again to her eyes, but they were tears of joy, and they were shed on his breast.

I think we may safely leave Sir Percy to dry Rose's tears, and return to the library at Glenach.

Norval grew very pale during his mother's explanation, and after Rose and Sir Percy left the room he continued silent, the working of his face showing the severity of the struggle that was going on in his heart.

Then he took Lily's hand fondly and firmly in his.

"I love you, Sibyl, with the intense devotion of a man who loves but once, and it is only a few hours since you made me happier than I can tell by saying that you returned my love. But, my dearest, we must cancel our engagement; you must go into the world, your position demands it, and you must go free, untrammelled by any tie, free to choose among the rich and noble one who may make you happier than a poor Highland laird. Nay, my darling," he added, as she looked reproachfully at him with tear-laden eyes, "if after a year, when you have seen others more attractive, you can still turn to me and say, 'I love you,' you will make me happier than I ever thought it possible to be. Is not that right, mother dear?"

"You have done right, dear Norval, although it has cost you more than even our little Lily knows."

Then, holding out her arms to Lily, she said:

"A year, dear, is but a little time in your young life, and I, old and frail as I am, hope to welcome my bonny birdie back to her nest at Glenach."

"I shall try and be patient, mother, dear; I may call you so, may I not?" she said, laying her soft cheek to Mrs. Cameron's. "A year is not long to learn all I must learn to make me a good and useful daughter to you."

"Here comes Rose," said Norval. "We must condole with her on her fall."

"She does not look as if she wanted condolence," said Lily, laughing. "May we not alter it to congratulation?"

But Rose disappeared, and Sir Percy entered alone to announce his happiness.

Next morning brought the expected announcement of Colonel and Mrs. Dews-

bury's arrival in London, and the girls left Glenach immediately to join them.

Lily acquiesced in Norval's wish that for a year they should not meet, and that, during that time, none but formal correspondence, necessary in their relation as guardian and ward, should pass between them.

Lily felt it very hard to part, but no doubt existed in her mind as to the renewal of their engagement; she had no doubt of her own or Norval's constancy.

To him the trial was heavier; Lily was going to mingle in the gaieties and fascinating pleasures of fashionable life, and he could not but feel a dread of being forgotten by a beautiful and gifted girl, petted and courted as Lily was sure to be. The very depth and intensity of his love made him fearful of losing it.

CHAPTER VI.

SIR PERCY LOWTHER followed the two Sibyls to London, and managed to overcome Colonel and Mrs. Dewsbury's repugnance to part with their daughter, and Rose and he were married in the autumn.

Lily spent a good deal of time visiting friends of her father and mother, but her home was with Colonel and Mrs. Dewsbury, and a niece of Mrs. Dewsbury, Kate Dalton, was also with them.

And how fared it with the laird of Glenach?

He kept strictly to his purpose of holding no communication with Lily except on business matters, and even excused himself from being present at Rose's wedding, and it was only through others that he heard of her.

Rumors reached him of the admiration she received everywhere, of the offers of marriage she had refused, and at last of one she had accepted.

A friend wrote to him from London:

"I saw your lovely ward, Miss Montgomery, with her fiance in the Park yesterday. Our friend Neville has fallen on his feet, but those black coats have a way of enticing all the best fish into their nets. I need not ask you when the wedding is to be, as I understand the engagement even is to be kept quiet at present."

Poor Norval! had he had more faith in Lily he would have treated this as an idle rumor; but it was the confirmation of his fears, what he had been looking for, with dread certainty, but not with hopelessness.

The indirect inquiries he made only confirmed the report.

Mr. Neville, who was a college friend of his own, and a fellow of Baliol, was a constant visitor at Colonel Dewsbury's, and an almost daily companion of Miss Montgomery and Miss Dalton in their rides.

Mrs. Cameron tried to persuade her son to make direct inquiry before giving credence to the report, but that, he said, would be breaking his compact with Sibyl.

He had thought it right that she should be free, and the result had been as he feared; and he must leave her unmolested. He did not complain, and none but his mother knew how deeply he had been wounded.

At this time, when he was weary and listless, longing for work to occupy his thoughts, an offer was made to him of a share in a business abroad that would probably lead to his realizing a fortune.

His mother trembled when she heard of it, but when she found that he eagerly embraced it, mother-like she concealed her pain at parting from him, and offered no opposition.

His acceptance entailed the immediate sale of Glenach, that he might provide for his mother's comfort and realize the capital he required.

It was impossible for Norval, of course, to leave England till the year of probation should have expired, and Lily given him her answer. But, knowing what that answer would be, he wished to save her pain by being ready to start immediately after.

In the mean time he felt it must be embarrassing to Lily to retain him as her guardian; and he resolved to propose to her that she should select another, as she was entitled to do.

He wrote to her accordingly, making no allusion to her engagement; telling her that it was in her option to choose another guardian, and that circumstances made it advisable that he should cease to stand to her in that relation. Although he said to himself and to her that it would be better, in his secret heart he hoped that she would refuse, and he felt that her refusal would be in a measure a denial of her engagement to Mr. Neville.

Her answer took some days to reach him, and when it came it dashed his last hope to the ground.

Lily wrote with many warm expressions of gratitude for the care and trouble he had hitherto taken, but acceding quite readily to his proposal that she should select another guardian.

She said that she had asked Sir Percy Lowther, as one in whom she knew Norval had great trust, to take his place, and found he was willing to do so, subject to Norval's approval.

He did not lose a post in answering her letter, expressing his entire concurrence in Sir Percy's appointment. Then he felt that the last link that bound Lily to him was broken, and there remained nothing to do but to hurry on the preparations for going abroad immediately after he should finally take leave of her.

After a time the sale of Glenach was effected, and he had not even the poor satisfaction of knowing to whom it was to belong.

It was purchased by a lawyer in Edinburgh in his own name, as his client did not wish to be known till he should take up his residence there.

CHAPTER VII.

LILY was staying with Sir Percy and Lady Lowther in the summer; and Sir Percy wrote to Norval, as her birthday approached, to ask him to pay them a visit also.

He wrote in reply that circumstances would prevent his being in London till late on the evening of Lily's birthday.

Unfortunately the Lowthers and Lily had an engagement that evening that they could not break. So they left a card of invitation for Norval, and a request that he would join the party.

In any other circumstances he would have been too tired; but the desire to see Lily, and to see her in society, was too strong to be resisted.

When he reached the house he found the rooms crowded, and himself more solitary than he had ever felt on the wildest hill at Glenach.

By patient and persevering effort he at last found his way to the ballroom, and discovered the object of his search.

At first he almost failed to recognize, in the dignified and stately lady who received the most flattering attentions as if they were only her due, the gentle, diffident girl he had known at Glenach.

While he was watching her unobserved, her eyes suddenly brightened, and she held out her hand with evident pleasure to a gentleman who approached her, and whom Norval recognized as his friend Neville. He offered her his arm, and the two separated from the group that had formed round the heiress, and stood near Norval, with their backs towards him, and facing a large mirror.

Their conversation was carried on in a low tone, Mr. Neville bending over her. As they were speaking, Norval saw Lily start; and when she turned to answer him, a glow of pleasure was on her cheek, and an expression in her eyes that he knew well, and which he thought would be awakened for none but him.

He had heard none of their conversation hitherto; but now he overheard Mr. Neville say:

"You have made me the happiest man in London to-night, Miss Montgomery."

"Nay, I feel I have been foolishh to say so much, for you know my promise cannot be fulfilled without Mr. Cameron's consent."

"But we must hope that he will not refuse that to his old friend. By the way, did you not say you expected him here to-night? Can we not storm his hard heart at once?"

Lily laughed gaily.

"No, Mr. Neville, I must not have him troubled with business matters to night; it will be time enough to-morrow."

Norval had heard enough. No doubt now remained; but it wrung his heart to hear Lily laughingly defer troubling him with business till he should have rested.

He left the house at once. The gay crowd and the brilliant rooms seemed to mock at his misery, and he hurried home with that light laugh of Lily's sounding in his ears. When he reached Sir Percy's he told the butler that he would remain in the library till his master's return, when he wished to have a few minutes' conversation with him.

He resolved that he would see Sir Percy and settle a few business matters with him; but he must leave in the morning before Lily should appear. He could not, he dared not, see her—hear her ask him to give her up to another. Give her up! She was not his; he had refused to let her bind herself by any promise, and he had nothing to say as to her marriage.

But she need not know how he suffered; he would write her a letter wishing her every happiness, and asking her to forget that any tie had bound them together.

When this was done he resumed his watch for Sir Percy; but he had had a fatiguing day, and gradually his waking misery was merged in no less painful dreams, so that he did not hear the party return home.

They had returned early on Norval's account; and when the butler delivered Norval's message to Sir Percy, Lily begged that she might see him first.

Before going into the library she took off her ball dress, removed her jewels, loosened her hair, and put on a simple white dress. When Rose saw her she clapped her hands, and said she could fancy herself a Glenach again. But this was not quite the Lily of Glenach. There was a new dignity in her bearing, a deeper feeling in her expression; the child had entirely disappeared, and the woman taken her place; even Lady Lowther's term of happy wifehood had not altered her so much.

When Lily softly opened the library door, Norval was not disturbed; and she knelt before him and watched with anxiety his pained expression as he slept. But her presence, though he knew it not, exerted an influence over him. Gradually his features relaxed, and a smile parted his lips. Then he woke from a dream of Glenach and Lily to find her beautiful face before him, looking at him with a sweeter fonder gaze than his dream had pictured.

With a joyful cry she was clasped to his heart, and for a few minutes neither spoke. Then, in the midst of his joy, the image of Neville rose before Norval. Hastily releasing Lily from his embrace, he retired a step or two.

"What of Neville, Sibyl?"

She looked up, surprised and hurt at the change in his voice.

"Have you seen him?" Then she added smiling, "He and I have a petition to lay before your gracious lordship to-morrow."

He looked half relieved.

"Lily, you are not, you cannot be mocking me—or him. I must have dreamt to-night when I heard him say you had made him the happiest man in London. See, I have written you a letter of congratulation, and intended to leave London without seeing you."

When he began to speak, Lily drew up her head proudly, and would have indignantly spurned the imputation of double-dealing; but she remembered the look of suffering on Norval's face when she saw him first, and she saw that, however innocently, there had been given him some cause for doubt. Tears stood in her eyes as she said:

"You have misunderstood, Norval; but nothing should have shaken your faith in me. Mr. Neville is engaged to be married to Kate Dalton, Rose's cousin, and is waiting till he gets a living to give up his fellowship and settle down. I have, with Sir Percy's approval, and subject to your consent, offered him the one in my, or rather in our, gift, and it was for that he thanked me to night. But why did you not speak to me when you were so near? I saw you in the mirror in front of us, and when I turned you were gone."

All was clear now, and Norval was happy; that loving expression was called forth by the sight of him, and the conversation he had overheard was but another proof of her tenderness of heart.

Soon the door was partially opened, and Rose's voice was heard asking, "May we come in?" and she and Percy joined them.

After mutual greetings, Lady Lowther proposed an adjournment to the dining room to supper; and a very merry and a very happy party assembled round the table, Norval and Lily having to submit to a good deal of banter from Rose.

A shadow passed over Norval's face for a moment when Sir Percy asked:

"What of Glenach, Cameron?"

"I have not seen it since the new owner took possession, and I do not expect to see it again."

Rose looked mischievously at Lily.

"Who has bought it?" asked Rose; "some Glasgow soapboiler, who will paint the house Rob Roy tartan?"

"I cannot find out who has bought it; but I hear he is laying out a great deal of money very judiciously."

Norval looked at Rose's laughing eyes, Lily's blushing look of consciousness; but he was bewildered, till Sir Percy said:

"I understand it has been bought by a wilful woman, who has persuaded her weak guardian to expend a great deal of money on it, preparing it for her reception after her marriage. Is it not so, Rose?"

Before Lily could disclaim this intention, Norval had taken her hand and pressed it passionately to his lips.

"That was the reason you were so willing to give up your guardian and choose another?"

"Yes; you were not vexed, were you? You know you told me nothing would induce you to purchase Glenach for me."

"And she agreed to take me in your stead," said Sir Percy, "on the flattering condition that I was to do whatever she desired me; and a very tyrant I found her, as you will too when it is too late."

"I believe Lily's principal reason for buying Glenach was that she might have the privilege of the ministrations of Mr. M'Larty," said Rose.

"Then she had better advertise it for sale again, as he removes immediately to a wider and more congenial field of usefulness in a manufacturing town."

"And is a minister appointed in his place?" asked Lily.

"Yes. Fortunately the publican has no more eligible relations, so he has allowed us to have a gentleman this time. Now that he is going, I think I must tell you, Lowther, of a scene I witnessed last summer in our neighborhood."

With infinite humor Norval described the scene between Mr. M'Larty and Rose by the riverside, of which he had been an unseen witness.

To Lily it cleared up one or two things she had not been able to understand, and she and Sir Percy enjoyed the story immensely, the latter remaining strangely blind to Rose's part in it till Rose said, when he had finished:

"How could you know? I never told anybody."

Sir Percy turned round to her in great astonishment.

"You don't mean to say—"

"Yes, dear, I do mean to say—Good-night. Come, Lily, it is time for young people like you to be in bed;" and she vanished almost before Norval could reach the door to open it.

It is hardly necessary to say that Norval's scheme of going abroad was abandoned, and that Mrs. Cameron was made happy by hearing that, instead of losing her son, she was to recover Lily and her home.

After their marriage Norval and Lily went to reside on Lily's estate in England, and together made the acquaintance and improved the condition of her tenants and dependents. But part of the summer and the autumn months were always spent at Glenach, and there the two Sibyls often recalled their first eventful visit to the Highlands of Scotland.

[THE END.]

SOME OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

TO take a hair from the dog that bit you is a proverbial cure, and is as commonly credited a superstition in China as here: and yet who would have thought within a year or two past, in England, a woman could be found to summon the owner of a dog because he would not give her some of its hair to insure her against any evil consequences accruing from the bite it had given her. And yet such was the case. Not so widely known, probably, but not the less effectual, is the popular talisman for children during the period of teething. Pluck a few hairs from the dark cross on the back of a donkey, sew them up in a black silk bag, and hang it round a child's neck when teething, and the child will be proof against fits or convulsions. This cure is well known in the north and west of England. One that may very well compare with it for for stupidity, is said to be for the reduction of a wen, or "thick neck" in women. An ornamental necklace is made of hair taken from a horse's tail; some say it must be taken from the tail of a grey stallion. Within a few years the "dead stroke" has also been resorted to in the midland counties for the cure of wens. A rustic remedy for enlarged throat is to take a snake, and coil it round the neck of the sufferer nine times; then put the snake into a bottle, cork it up, and bury it; as it decays the enlargement will gradually disappear.

Touching for the king's evil has long since gone out of date, but not by any means because people have become too enlightened to put faith in such a superstition; for a still grosser superstition is yet believed in as regards the cure of the king's evil. That the toad,

though ugly and venomous
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head,

is a faith still strong in the bucolic mind, and it consequently holds a prominent place in the rustic pharmacopœia. Its limbs are a cure for the king's evil. They should be put into a bag and tied about the patient's neck. For quinsy, get a live toad, fasten a string round its throat, and hang it up till the body drops from the head; then tie the string round your own neck, and never take it off, night or day, till your fiftieth birthday—and you will never have quinsy again. Elsewhere the toad is likewise employed as a charm to prevent bleeding at the nose. The reptile is killed by transfixing it with some sharp-pointed instrument; afterwards it is placed in a little bag and hung around the neck. The same charm is also used in cases of fever.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.—Where husband and wife really love each other they get along well through all the vicissitudes of life, because one immeasurable source of happiness always remains to them, whatever disasters befide—and that is their unfailing sympathy for each other. Nothing less than this enables a couple to endure with equanimity all the cares and anxieties and disappointments of married life. Nothing is more common than to see two young persons marry with the approval of the families and all the friends on each side. "What a fortunate match for both of them!" every one exclaims. To outside appearance such it is. A little time elapses—it may be a few years, it may be only one—when, to the surprise of their acquaintances, it is announced that the marriage has turned out unhappily. The explanation is simple—there was no love between them. There was a degree of friendship, there was a mutual expectation of advantage from the connection—but love there was none. For the ordinary transactions of life respect and friendship are all that are required. It is not so in marriage. Nothing there will supply the place of love. The belief that there are substitutes for it is one on which many a gay and hopeful young couple have trusted their happiness only to find it a total wreck. M. S.

A Vermonter brought a suit for 35 cents, and the jury awarded him it.

THE LOVE-THOUGHT.

BY R. W.

Born on soft ev'ning breezes,
My thought escapes to thee,
For, though with chains I bound it,
It would not stay with me.

But much I fear 'twill wander
And turn aside its flight—
That ev'ry blooming rose bud
May tempt it to alight.

I fear the star of evening
'Twill deem thy glitt'ring eye,
Within whose radiant splendor
'Twas ayeso fain to lie—

That at the sparkling fountain
'Twill dive beneath the stream,
Since it hath seen the dew drop
Upon thy lashes gleam.

But, wheresoe'er it wander,
One thing I know full well,
That it will homeward flutter
Within my breast to dwell.

The Next Door.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

OUR next door neighbor had moved out, and for some time the house remained unoccupied.

They were unpleasant people, and there was little apparent sorrow in the vicinity when they went.

They had been seldom seen during the day, but just so surely as nightfall came, the big door closed with a bang, and the man who seemed the head of the establishment, with his wife and son, trooped out to the cars. Where they went no one appeared to know, but punctually at twelve, midnight, they always returned. This latter fact had been verified beyond a doubt, since several public spirited ladies had kept awake until that hour for weeks in succession, in order to place it out of the question.

The strange doings of this family had thrown a sort of mystery around the place. Consequently in the various feminine convocations out of the second story windows, and elsewhere, all sorts of speculations were indulged in.

It is a remarkable fact that fancy in woman increases in proportion to the degree that curiosity is unsatisfied.

"I think they must have been counterfeiters, or something dreadful of that sort," said Mrs. Jones, nervously swinging her broom one day. "Why we couldn't find out their names!"

The relation of this latter fact to the honesty of a person's profession, shows in the clearest possible manner the logical character of the female mind.

"Worse, Mrs. Jones, worse," was Mrs. Green's reply. "It's my opinion they were burglars, or probably murderers!"

A second cousin of Mrs. Green's had once been in the meshes of the law for stealing a "wash," while intoxicated, and ever since her notions of mankind had been embittered. Doubtless she would have willingly forgotten this occurrence, but as it was always brought up by her neighbors in their frequent disputes about the children, or some other weighty subject, at the same time being coupled with insinuations that she was little better herself, the poor woman could not very well forget, even if she would.

The feelings of these parties, therefore, may be taken as a sample of what all the vicinity felt. The general opinion was, that people who could live three months in a sociable suburb, and not let their neighbors know all about themselves and their business, were bad enough for anything.

On this account it was only natural, therefore, that when several furniture cars well loaded, stopped before the door of the house one Friday, that such opportunities of seeing as were afforded by bowed shutters and upturned blinds, should be taken.

There was no actual vote cast in the matter, furthermore than the usual back-fence canvassing, but on the whole the impression was favorable. The household goods of the newcomers stood the most rigid analysis, and came forth unscathed, a matter which of course put the social status of the owners beyond question.

It was several days before the hammering, thumping, pulling, and other noises incidental to settling in a new establishment, ceased, and the strangers showed themselves, as it were, for inspection. Their coming had been eagerly looked forward to, and as they marched out the following Sunday afternoon, two ladies, good looking young fellows, a lady, evidently a sister, and an elderly couple, in all probability their parents, the street was deeply moved, not to say violently agitated.

Some weeks passed, and the public interest was on the increase. Overtures had been made to the young lady while engaged in sweeping the front pavement, by both Mrs. Green and Mrs. Brown; but further than to cordially answer their "good-morning," she made no advances. Such conduct toward these good ladies who were unanimous in that feverish state of excitement, to say the least, or grave insinuation had a most depressing effect, and it immediately became their private opinion, publicly promulgated that the newcomers were no better than they should be.

Still it was true to some extent their actions were singular—no less so than those of the former tenants. The young men left the house very early, not returning till near nightfall. The old folks seldom went out, and when they did so were invariably accompanied by the daughter. And she, save then and when engaged in the household work in front of the house, was never seen.

It was now late spring, and some six weeks had passed since their arrival. And I confess that to a certain extent I began to share the prejudice of the female section of the community. There was a certain something about the bearing of the younger men that I had always associated with those who lived by their wits, and though I often condemned myself for giving way to such fancies, I could not, in spite of all, help it.

But I was soon to be convinced how far my suspicions were correct. I was sitting before the open window of the porch one evening, when I heard voices outside. Carelessly glancing up, I saw the elderly couple, accompanied by the girl, depart. Their manner was hurried, and, to my eyes, nervous. Still, this impression may have been only imagination. I had just finished reading a villainously exciting romance, and the influence, no doubt yet clung to me.

Little by little, however, this feeling wore away and the stillness of the hour—my own idle thoughts, and the balmy May air, were gradually having an effect, when a dull heavy blow, as though a body had been thrown violently to the floor, suddenly roused me.

I started to my feet and listened. The noise came from next door—the mysterious strangers'. After an interval I could plainly hear a half suffocated voice, and the heavy breathing of two or more persons in a severe struggle. Then came a violent shuffling of feet, and a heavy body fell, as at first.

I had never given way fully to my belief that our next door neighbors were desperate characters, but now this conviction forced itself upon me. A thousand singular incidents I had noticed in them at once rushed to my memory, and the feeling that I might be even now listening to a struggle of life and death, struck me with an awful dread.

But what to do? The gentle practice of self preservation in youth had become the settled policy of later years, and I naturally hesitated. Suppose it was murder—what then? But this idea only lasted a moment. That terrible shuffling of feet again occurred, and I heard a voice—half breathless and seemingly full of passion, exclaim:

"I'll fix you this time if I die for it!"

That decided me. But it is doubtful whether it would have done so, had not the words been followed by the unmistakable clash of steel. Perhaps the assassin was whetting the fatal blade!

How I reached it, it were difficult to tell, but in a moment I found myself at the door leading from the porch. This frail barrier was all that kept me from the awful scene. Had I permitted myself to think, I would perhaps have recoiled, but that horrible suffocating gasp would not admit of reasoning. It was now louder than ever. Perhaps in pursuance of his threat, the villain was "fixing" his victim.

I threw open the door, and disregarding safety, and the proprieties, entered. In the middle of the room, puffing like porpoises, and gazing upon me with the most wondering surprise, were my two young neighbors.

They had been having a friendly tussle with boxing gloves.

The body I had heard fall were the boxers as they involuntarily located themselves on the floor in the varying fortunes of the sport.

The gasps were the result of either party getting his head in chancery.

The deadly struggle and shuffling of feet was the necessary sparring for positions.

The "to fix" threat was an expression usual to such contests.

The whetting of the murderous steel had been the tumbling of a pair of tongs shaken down by the combatants.

I explained, and the apology I made was one of the most heartfelt ever spoken. Besides I dare assert that the figure I cut, as I hastily retired with their assurances that no harm had been done, has never been paralleled for humility.

And above all I made a fearful vow that the neighbors, in either friendly or unfriendly discussions, might hereafter murder each other ten times over, and pull the houses down about their ears, before I would again interfere.

THE imitation diamonds made of Rhine pebbles are now used in Paris for many purposes. There are not only diamond buttons, mounted like solitaires or in clusters, but buckles for the shoes and belts in all conceivable designs. There are, also, fastenings for necklaces and bracelets of velvet and very small buckles to fasten the ribbon loops which are placed down the front of the dresses and on the lower part of the sleeves. Earrings, crosses and ornamental pins are also made of these stones.

Out of 17 000 guns made by Krupp, only sixteen have burst, and nearly all of these when being tried to test their power.

A Terrible Adventure.

BY A. G.

THERE, that'll do; and now, Miss Gertie, dear, you look lovely."

Poor old nurse, according to her I was always lovely. Whether arrayed in silks or cottons, ball-dress or morning-gown, her verdict respecting me remained the same.

"Give me a kiss, nurse," I cried, "and then go and get ready while I show myself to papa. How do I do, papa?" I demanded, bursting upon him in all the splendor of my brave attire.

"Eh, my little girl," he said, looking up from the book he was reading, "are you going now?"

"Yes; I promised to be the first arrival, you know; and, please, I want your candid opinion on my appearance. Nurse thinks I look lovely."

"I am afraid nurse is a partial critic;" he returned, with a fond smile. "You look very nice—very nice indeed, darling. You are growing wonderfully like your mother. But don't be late in returning to-morrow, and don't overtire yourself."

As I drove along with nurse in her prim black bonnet seated opposite to me, my heart beat high with nervous anticipation. I was going to my first ball; for though I was eighteen, papa and I had lived such retired lives that till lately I had known nothing of the gaieties usual to girls of my age. Six months previously, however, the Mortons, some old friends of my father's, had settled in the neighborhood, and at their house I had at length begun to emerge from my shell.

When we reached Holme Lodge, the large, comfortable, old country mansion was ablaze with light, and from the open door streamed an inviting flood of warmth and brilliance.

In the hall I was seized upon by Louie and Lottie Morton, the twin sisters—lively, vivacious brunettes with sparkling eyes and dimpled cheeks.

"Come up stairs to our room," cried Lottie; "we shall have time for a chat before the people arrive."

The sitting room, specially appropriated to the girls' use, was a pretty, cosy apartment. After we had examined and commented on each other's costumes, a young lady entered the room.

She was a friend staying on a visit—Isabella Saloni by name, and by birth, half Italian and half English. Most beautiful was she. Her manners were very fascinating. I gazed at her as though I had never before comprehended how rarely lovely she was.

I was engaged to Rupert Morton for the first waltz; but we had only taken a couple of turns around the room when he whispered:

"Do you particularly wish to finish this dance. If not, will you come into the conservatory, it is quite cool and pleasant there."

I was about to make some laughing rejoinder, but a look in his gray eyes stopped me, and I merely bowed assent.

"Gertrude," he said, softly, as we stood by a marble basin wherein a tiny fountain sent up a sparkling cascade of silvery drops, "do you guess why I asked you to come here?"

I glanced at him saucily.

"Certainly, because it is so cool and pleasant."

"Ah! that was only the pretext, the excuse. Surely you can guess my real reason, darling. You know I love you, do you not?"

I strove to cover my burning cheeks with my hands; but he gently removed them, and held them in his own as he bent his head to the level of my downcast eyes.

"Have you not a word to say to me? Dear love, can you not give me one word of hope?"

For my life I could not have spoken, but read his answer in my silence.

"Rupert," I murmured presently, raising my head from its resting place on his shoulder; "do you know I—I thought I—I—was afraid that you liked Miss Saloni."

"My darling," and he drew me closer, "you were indeed mistaken. Admire her I always do, no man could help doing that; but believe me beyond admiration I have never given her a thought."

The rest of the evening sped swiftly by. If I had been happy before I was ten times happier now. I danced every dance, and at supper Rupert contrived to secure a secluded corner, where he detained me so long that I mortally offended one partner, who sought me high and low in vain to find me.

I was to sleep at Holme Lodge, and go home the next day, nurse having brought everything requisite for my stay, and packed ready before she returned.

It was long ere I got into bed, but once there I fell into a deep slumber, and neither memories of the past nor plans for the future disturbed it.

Suddenly I awoke—awoke with a full sure consciousness of the presence of some one or something terrible in the room. Who or what it was I could not tell, and I dared not attempt to find out. I lay with my face turned to the wall, every limb stiff and still and the blood in my veins curdling with fear.

At last an icy finger touched me; and, as though under some mesmeric influence, I slowly moved my head.

The fire had died out, but a night-lamp was dimly burning, and by its light I saw—I saw a loosely-robed figure, with a cloud of raven hair falling almost to its knees; luridly glowing eyes, set in a deathly pallid face; and in one upraised hand a gleaming stiletto—jewelled handled and finely pointed.

I could utter no cry; I could make no movement. I remained spellbound and dumb, my eyeballs staring and my lips blanching, knowing that I was at the mercy of a mad woman, and recognizing in that woman Isabella Saloni.

Again she touched me; and, though I shuddered, I could not draw away.

"You sleep soundly," she said, hissing the words between her clenched teeth; "but you have awaked at last. The sleep of death is the soundest of all sleeps, for there is no awakening from it! And so he told you he loved you—you, not me! You, you baby faced child! what do you know of love? What does he know of love? It is I who love—I—I—I—I!" and her voice rose shrill and high. "I am going to kill you!" she continued after a moment's pause. "He cannot love you then. He will forget you, and it will be my turn. Pretty little thing!"—and she fingered the glittering, toy-like weapon caressingly—"how it will make the blood flow—the beautiful, beautiful red blood! Ah! that will do for a bridal robe! A dead bride and blood for a wedding garment! A——"

But the spell was broken. With a piercing, echoing cry for help, I flung aside the bed clothing, and sprang on to the floor.

There came a sharp, fierce blow, an agonizing pain, and then all was darkness, oblivion.

It was twilight when I came to my senses. The curtains were drawn, and a bright fire crackled cheerfully in the old grate.

Vaguely wondering as to what had happened, I attempted to get up, but the only effect of the exertion was a low moan of anguish.

A gentle voice addressed me soothingly, and Mrs. Morton leant over me, and slipping her arm under the pillow, lifted me up, and gave me some cooling beverage to drink. I fell asleep directly, and when I awoke again, gray, dawn light was creeping in at the window, and the nurse was sitting by my side.

"Thank Heaven!" she ejaculated, fervently, as I feebly raised my hand. "Ah! but you're better, now, my lamb."

"Have I been ill?" I whispered.

"A little, dearie," she answered, tenderly stroking my hair.

"But—but what was it! Why am I not at home?"

"Hush! my pretty. You mustn't talk any more now. Lie still, and another time you shall hear all about it."

Ah no! What weary days, what weary weeks those were that I had to lie. Wakening or sleeping I was harrowed by nightmare [illegible] A flitting shadow in the corner, a fold of drapery, would nearly send me into hysterics.

At last, when the birds were blithely carolling a welcome to the spring, and trees and hedgerows were bursting into leaf, I was carried from my bed to a sofa in the adjoining room, and from that time recovery was more rapid.

Harvest was just over when Rupert and I were quietly married at the village church. The winter following we spent abroad; papa joining us at Nice in October, and accompanying us on the remainder of our travels.

Isabella Saloni is in a private asylum. Insanity, it appeared on inquiry, was hereditary in her family, though the fact had always been kept as secret as possible. Poor, poor girl! I only think of her now with intense pity and compassion.

A manufacturer in Birmingham has received from his agent in Turkey the following order: "One of my customers is in want of a dog skinning machine. You have probably seen or known such a thing. Through this machine holding the dogs when still alive, in a few minutes the skin is off and the dogs also killed, thus without giving them torture. Please send drawings and lowest prices."

London, with its suburbs, within the fifteen miles radius of Charing Cross, covers 706-86 square miles, and numbers over 4 000 000 inhabitants, of whom 25 per cent are [illegible] There is a birth in the metropolis every four minutes, and a death every six. There are 7 000 miles of streets, and 25 miles of new streets are opened and 9 000 new houses built every year.

England had one daily paper in Queen Anne's time.

Our Young Folks.

Little Pitchers Have Long Ears.

BY L. F.

ALONG time ago, one fine moonlight night Mrs Reynard the fox, and her three children sat at home patiently waiting for the return of Mr Reynard who had gone out to forage. Mrs. Reynard appeared uneasy and anxious for the arrival of her husband, and at last a footstep was heard outside and he came in,

"Here is a fine fat duck for you," said he throwing one down off his shoulders as he entered

"Duck again!" cried his wife. "Did I not beg you to bring anything rather than duck? You know how rich they are and unsuited for the children, and yet you bring duck, duck, every night. A young fox well brought up on rabbits is always stronger and can run faster than one fed upon ducks and that kind of rich food. I should not be astonished if all the children learnt to waddle instead of to run."

"Rabbits, indeed!" returned Mr. Reynard; "why you know as well as I do that when we moved into the wood all the rabbits moved out of it. But never mind, duck is all I can get to-night, so we must make the best of it. Let those who are hungry help themselves; perhaps we may have rabbit to morrow."

Accordingly, Mrs. Reynard — whose grumbling did not seem to have lessened her appetite—and the three children immediately fell upon the duck, and in a short time nothing was left of it but a few feathers.

The next morning the two old foxes resumed their conversation as to the possibility of getting rabbits for that night's meal; and bidding his children go out and play, he said: "mind you don't talk about what you have just heard or if the rabbits should get to know where I am going it may be you will get no supper to night."

The little foxes went out, and were soon busy playing in front of the entrance to their den, where after amusing themselves for some time, they began trying who could jump the highest; and Blackeyes was outjumped by her brothers, Slypads and Sharpnose, who made fun of her.

"Never mind," said she; "I'll jump higher to morrow."

"How will you manage to do that?" asked Slypads.

"Didn't mother say rabbits would make us stronger?" replied Blackeyes.

"But you haven't got the rabbits yet," cried Sharpnose

"But we shall have to night, for you know that father is going to hide near the rabbit run to the meadow," quickly returned Blackeyes.

"There now, you are talking about it, and you were told not," cried both the brothers together.

"Don't care: there is no one listening," said Blackeyes, but still, for fear there might have been any one they searched carefully all around without finding anything but a cracked pitcher that the wood man's daughter had left behind her the day before, having broken it by letting it fall as she was on her way to the well, and finding nothing to make them uneasy the little foxes resumed their play

But Blackeyes was mistaken Notwithstanding these precautions there was some one listening The magpie, going on her usual round of gossiping and mischief making, had been in a tree just above her and her brothers, and had heard every word that had been said with the greatest satisfaction! So flying to the end of the wood, she waited till she saw one of the young rabbits that lived there, when she accosted him with "Ha! you will be eaten to night."

"How so?" asked the young rabbit, astonished.

"The fox will catch you. He is coming to hide near your run to the meadow, answered the magpie, laughing, as she flew away; and the young rabbit went straight home to tell his father

Now his father was an old rabbit, cunning and experienced to all the dangers that threaten the rabbit tribe Watching then, shortly after sunset he saw the fox come creeping cautiously along and concealing himself in some tall ferns which grew close to the path, and after waiting some time to see that he did not change his quarters, he withdrew quietly from his own hiding-place back to the burrow; and after telling his family what he had seen, he took them by a different way to another feeding-place, from which they all returned safely before morning

Meanwhile, Mr Reynard lay close in the ferns till morning, and then went home to tell his wife of his ill success.

"Perhaps you fell asleep while you were lying there," suggested his wife.

"No indeed, I was quite wide-awake all the time, and the rabbits were out last night, too, for I saw the marks of their feet as I passed by the burrow on the way home I can't make out how they seem to know where I am. Well, never mind. Perhaps I shall have better luck to-night."

The morning passed off quietly, as Mr. Reynard had to sleep to make up for the rest he had lost the night before and in the middle of the afternoon he and his wife held a consultation as to what plan should be adopted to secure their supper for that night; but before beginning they sent the children out to play, so that there should be no possibility of the secret being known through them But Slypads, who had not had enough breakfast, and who was very hungry, was so anxious to hear what chance there might be of supper that he could not resist the temptation of creeping back after a short time, to listen, and heard all. Then he quickly rejoined his companions, who at once eagerly pressed him to tell them what he had heard. But for a long time Slypads steadily refused, until Blackeyes beginning to cry, and Sharpnose threatening to tell his father that he had crept back to listen, he reluctantly consented to whisper his news to them, but they must first come on one side out of the way, and he accordingly led them to a spot not far from which lay the broken pitcher which they had noticed the day before, and in which unknown to them, crouched a small rabbit, placed there by his father to watch.

Slypads now stood still, and told Blackeyes to come close to him, and when she had come so in whispered softly in her ear. "Father is going early this evening to hide under the bush above the mouth of the rabbit burrow—there, you have it all!" And he then went away in a huff, followed by Sharpnose and Blackeyes. The little rabbit, who had heard enough for his purposes threaded his way through the long grass, and was soon at home, reporting his news to his father.

The latter quickly made up his mind how to act—sent out his family to get their necessary food, ordering them to make all haste and return as soon as possible; and when they had come back he retreated into the burrow taking up a position near its entrance, which he had not occupied very long before he heard Mr. Reynard come and announce himself under the bush above him, upon which he joined the rest of the family below and went to sleep

Meanwhile, Mr Reynard kept watch through the night and at day light again went home to his hungry family, disappointed After he had had a short nap to refresh himself, he and his wife and children all assembled outside their den, preparatory to his setting out for another hunt for a meal

Mrs Reynard and the children wished to know where he was going, and how long he would be away; and before answering them he looked carefully all around him. "What is that brown thing in the grass near yonder bush?" asked he, pointing to the pitcher.

"Only a broken pitcher a little girl left there three or four days ago, there is nothing else," quickly answered the children, who little dreamt that at that moment the young rabbit was again hidden in it, having been sent there by his father soon after the latter had heard Mr. Reynard leave his post above the burrow in the morning.

"Very good then," said Reynard. "Now I will tell you what I propose should be done You three children will go back into the den and stay quietly there whilst your mother will go and try to catch you a frog or two to stay your present hunger and I will go and reconnoitre round the farmyard, to see if I can get anything there, hoping when I will return by the way of the rabbit burrow But—what is that? has your pitcher got ears? cried he suddenly, as the young rabbit drawn to hear for the distance what was being said, had pushed his head out of the mouth of the pitcher, and in his anxiety cocked both his ears above the grass.

The fox family made a dash for the pitcher, but the young rabbit—fortunately for himself—slipped away before they could reach it, and escaped from them, gaining his home in safety, and the foxes returned baffled from the pursuit.

"There, said Mr Reynard, "now I know how it is that I never could catch you a rabbit, when little pitchers have ears"

"Ha! ha!—little pitches have ears" chattered the magpie, as she flew out of the tree above him to carry the tale to her gossips.

"When little pitchers have ears and magpies have tongues," continued he, "never talk of anything you wish to be kept secret, unless safe in your own den Let us go in"

The old rabbit on hearing from his son what had passed saw that it was no longer safe for him to remain in that wood and he and his whole family, whilst the magpie repeated the tale of the little pitcher to the different birds and beasts, until it grew to be a proverb amongst them and to this day when a magpie sees a fox sneaking through a wood she begins to chatter and raise an alarm, but whether she chatters "Little pitchers have ears" or no is more than one can tell

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The San Francisco papers are advising the Chinese to go East.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

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No. 61. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

No. 62.
N A M E D
O M A H A
M A D A M
A L A S O
D E M O N

No. 63. MARIGOLD.

No. 64.
B R A N C H
R A S U R E
A S T R E A
N U R S E R
C R E E S E
H E A R E R

No. 65. EARTHQUAKE.

No. 66.
E
P E N
N O T A L
P O L I T I C
Z E T I C U L A S
N A T U R A L
L I L A C
C A L
S

No. 67. TOM ASCAT.

No. 68.
C O N T R A S T E D
O P E R A T I O N
N E G A T O R Y
T R A P A N S
R A T A N T
A T O N Y
S I R S
T O Y
F N
D

No. 69. THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

No. 70.
P
M U M
S I R E D
S T R I D E S
M I R I F I C A L
P U R I F I C A T O R
M E D I C I N E D
D E C A N T S
S A T E S
L O U
E

No. 71. NUMERICAL.

The WHOLE consisting of 13 letters is a disease.
The 1, 2, 3, 4 is to spring.
The 5, 6, 7, 8 is to cover.
The 9, 10, 11, 12 is a marksman.

Baltimore, Md. ASIAN.

No. 72. RHOMBOID.

Across:—1. Native.
2. Plates.
3. Repasts.
4. A precipice.
5. To drudge.
Down:—1. A letter.
2. A preposition
3. A nickname.
4. An English festival
5. Water courses.
6. To turn around.
7. A diocese.
8. An abbreviation
9. A letter.

Philadelphia, Pa. IDCLS.

No. 73. CHARADE.

On the base of a bill of a bird
[illegible] addition
[illegible] Ten turned
[illegible] one of the elements which appear at the respective poles when a body is acted on by electro-chemical decomposition.

P. S.—'Tis needless, to explain—
Whole is the action of the brain.

Rondout, N. Y. C. W. L.

No. 74. SQUARE.

1. A town of Portugal.
2. A certain interval of time.
3. A river in Brazil
4. A town in Germany.
5. A [illegible] lake of Scandinavia.
6. A town of British India

Independence, Mo HEN J. MIN.

No. 75. CROSS WORD.

In equator not in pole,
In corn poke not in coal,
In [illegible] two,
In [illegible]
In [illegible]
In [illegible] May
The whole is now before your eye
And you can find it if you try

Lansdale, Pa. BALFOUR.

No. 76. OCTAGON.

1. A youth
2. A [illegible] measure.
3. A [illegible] of nation
4. [illegible]
5. [illegible] fringe
6. A [illegible]
7. A military commander

Gibson, Pa. ODOACER.

No. 77. CHARADE.

[illegible] Tommy Bounce is quite perverse
[illegible]
To [illegible] of wealth, galore, a store,
[illegible]
In rank is the Queen of drama reigns
If you the [illegible] swallow,
The whole a [illegible] of pain,
And makes the night hollow

Washington D. C. GIL BLAS.

No. 78. HALF SQUARE.

1. To involve
2. Active
3. [illegible]
4. Most excellently.
5. [illegible]
6. A [illegible] in Europe
7. A collection of men and horses.
8. A hailing.
9. A city in China.
10. A letter.

New York City. MATTIE JAY.

No. 79. ANAGRAM.

All Readers this tale may read,
Provided they its warning heed.

HOW WOMEN SERVE DIRTY SIR F.

Camden, N. J. LOCKSLEY.

No. 80. DIAMOND.

1. A letter
2. To travel
3. Lessons.
4. Vessels propelled by oars.
5. Originating in the character of the garb.
6. Positive.
7. Deserved.
8. An ancient Italian race.
9. Certain numbers at dice.
10. A messenger.
11. A letter.

Philadelphia, Pa. TIM LINKINWATER.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

The POST six months, for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.
The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS

Cerebrations of March 1st, were solved by Gil Blas, Jarep, Odoacer, Dick Bullhead, White Wedgwood, A Silver Asian, O Possum Sphinx, Randolph, Percy Vere, Ben J, Min, Rose Budd, Sou Con, O C. O. La., Balfour, Percy Vere.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1st Gil Blas, Washington, D. C.
2nd Jarep, - - New York city

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS

Percy Vere—square Asian diamond and cross words Gil Blas—square, cross words and charade O. C. O. La—cross words, Ben J, Min—acrostical square, rhomboid and square; Mattie Jay—diamond; Lochinvar—charade: Traddles—cross words, Peggotty—square and diamond.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CALIFORNIA PUZZLERS—In reply to inquiries we would say, send solutions of course. If mailed promptly they will reach us in time and be gladly welcomed.

GIL BLAS—See Webster for SICK or SESH. Our friend "Odoacer" always consults the standard. Sorry you could not capture the "Precious Lady's Darling." Perhaps you would have preferred the "Lady herself" We are very proud to receive that last cargo. They are all invaluable.

PERCY VERE—Square is very good and that is just the quality we are after.

REV. J. MIN—Contributions received with pleasure. We do MISS OUR favors and remain IN DEPENDENCE on you for such powers. Please forward a BOAT at more by through freight line. Paper did not arrive. Was it SENT IN elegant shape.

O. C. O. La.—This is the first week we have received any "cross words" from the "Sunny South;" still, we are always glad to hear from the "little cherub around the corner."

ASIAN—Your last letter was quite refreshing. [illegible] for good wishes. The transcript you send us [illegible] we have ever seen. Your recent work shows that you have unearthed some rare gems. Keep on digging

LOCKSLEY—Ship a few more of those anagrams. They are now free from weeds and we've got it tough there and will enjoy digesting

ODOACER—O DO A CERTAIN thing for us, will you? Renew your stock soon, as our Spring Trade is very large and country customers must be supplied.

MATTIE JAY—All right. Lippincott's Gazetteer gives the word and diamond shall appear soon. Burn a little more "mid-night oil" for our benefit, please.

O. W. L.—A SCOW LOAD of those charades with A NAG, RAM or mule on the tow-path is just what we want. Have you GRO(U)ND OUT any cross words lately?

TRADDLES—Your last square caused quite a panic among solvers and in [illegible] quarters chase the Gordian knot remained [illegible] NORTH and SOUTH were [illegible] RATS to cover [illegible] and EAST and WEST utterly routed. There is room for more of that calibre. Your cross words are double extra.

PEGGOTTY—Your contributions are very acceptable and your complete lists are [illegible] In order. Try your hand at a few [illegible] answer, puzzles, acrostics, charades and [illegible] words are at our especial favorites, while good [illegible] grams always do not go amiss.

LOCHINVAR—We enjoyed your letter very much and the [illegible] duly [illegible] for early insertion.

PERCY VERE—A few days we wish to make a few remarks as follows

In making puzzles, do your best;
The careful worker fears no test.
Give Webster's meanings line for line,
They better are than yours or mine.
'Tis also well to mark with care
"Provincial English" ditto "Rare?"
And pursuers dont be "led astray"
By OBSOLETE in any way.
If "fruits forbidden" you desire,
Just put the puzzle in the fire.
Pray make your copy plain and neat.
A single puzzle on a sheet
If Nature gave pencil fire
'Tis well [illegible] why don't aspire
To tread the path of glory where
The [illegible] are lonely [illegible]
Do keep a record [illegible]
Prevents you send us puzzles twice;
And finally my worthy friend
"It never is too late to mend"—
That is, "hardly ever!"

Watertown, New York, reports thirty one snow storms since December 19 last, in which 120 inches of snow have fallen

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LETTER DATES.—A Frenchman proposes a contrivance by which the date when a letter passes through the post-office will be made to appear not only on the envelope, but on the letter inclosed

INCOMPATIBILITY.

"At last, since thou art all my own,
My love, my life, my promised bride!"
He murmurs, softly, sinking down
Clarinda's peerless form beside.
"Let's figure, sweet, how we'll begin
Our married state that is to be."
"Yes, love; to cut a figure in
The world is all my wish," says she.

"For house," says he, "what better than
A tiny cot by ocean's flow?"
"'Twould do," she says, behind her fan,
"If marble fronts were scarce, you know."
"Ahem! And we might well engage
One maid-of-all-work stout and neat?"
"Ye-e-e-s; and a footman, cook, and page,
And coach-and-pair," she murmurs, sweet.

"Why, really, dear! But words are air,
With love for guest, at home, a-field,
Our food shall be the simplest fare,
Our drink the dairy's snowy yield."
"Y-e-s; with et ceteras rare and blest,"
She coyly adds "that money brings,
Fish, game in season, wines the best,
Broils, stews, fruit cake, ice-cream, and things."

"In Midas' name!" he cries, with look
And tone and mein from rapture free,
"Dost deem a millionaire to hook,
Ambitious girl, in wedding me?"
"Why, not at all, Sir Stinginess!"
She quick responds, with scornful shout;
"But just remember, none the less,
As servant I'm not hiring out."

They sever, she with angry look
That never bids him pause or stay;
He clutching tight his pocket-book,
And precious glad to get away.
"Dissembling might have done with tact
"If not too soon betrayed," says she.
"How lucky that to sober fact
I brought her, ere too late," says he.

COMBATS AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

THE ancients were very fond of testing the valor and dexterity of wrestlers in the arena. The combatants were selected from among the most brave and skilful men, and the judges who held the victorious garlands were persons of the highest rank and integrity. These combats, however, were peculiarly ferocious. The parties fought with their fists, as do our prize fighters; but they frequently introduced balls of iron and stone, with which they often struck fatal blows. They introduced the Cestus which was a heavy glove or gauntlet of thick leather, studded with nails which were equally destructive. Ælian speaks of a Cretan Pancratist who dropped down dead while they were taking him to the judges to receive the garland. Another prize fighter, having received a blow in the mouth which knocked in all his teeth, swallowed them, together with the blood that followed, to conceal from his antagonist an injury which might have induced him to continue the contest.

There are many instances in ancient times of ferocious bravery, which at the present day would be discarded with indignation. A brave champion who had been twice crowned at the Olympic games, fought and conquered all who entered the lists against him, except the last one—a man of powerful frame, who rushed upon him, seized him by the throat, tripping up his heels at the same time, and actually strangled him on the spot, but he expired by a violent effort he broke off the toe of his adversary, which gave him such pain that he died instantly, and the judges ordered his dead body to be crowned with the palm of victory.

It was the fashion for the Roman ladies to attend these exhibitions, and now and then they would step into the lists and have a set-to themselves. Tacitus and Juvenal both speak of it; and although the Roman ladies on these occasions were not as thinly clad as our model artistes, yet they were dressed like the Samnites—wearing a shield calculated to protect the breast and shoulders, and growing more narrow at the bottom, in order to be used with greater convenience. It was during the reign of Nero and Domitian that those worthies introduced female gladiators, and Nero exhibited in one show four hundred senators and six hundred equestrians. These may not have been called duels, but savage practices; and if ladies were insulted in those times, they procured no champions to fight their battles, but redressed their wrongs themselves. Nevertheless, trifling wrongs—abusive language, giving the lie, or striking a blow—were not in those times, as they are at this day, considered just grounds of mortal combat by duel.

Judicial trials by combat were common in the barbarous ages, particularly among the Burgundians. We all remember the melo-drama of "The Dog of Montargis," but all are not acquainted with its origin. The fight between Macaire and the dog belonging to Aubry took place in 1371, at the Isle of Notre Dame. Charles the Fifth was present when the dog convicted Macaire of Aubry's murder by overpowering him in the fight, and for this crime Macaire was hanged.

A curious trial by battle took place in 628. Queen Cundbage, consort of the king of Lombardy, a celebrated woman both for beauty and unimpeachable virtue, had some insolent proposals made to her by an impertinent court-fly by the name of Adaluif; but instead of handing him over to the laws for punishment, she mercifully banished him. In a fit of revenge he accused her to the king of having a lover, and that she intended to poison him in order to marry that lover. The king, blinded with rage, immured the queen in a castle. As she was related to Clotaire, king of the France, he demanded that she should be tried by a judicial contest. Adaluif was commanded to meet a cousin of the queen, called Pithen, who in the contest got Adaluif down and cut his throat, which established the innocence of the queen.

The clergy were also liable to trial by battle; and Louis the Fat, in his charter of the Abbey of St. Maur, admitted that the priests possessed this right. The bishop of Angus ordered certain monks to maintain their rights to tithes by cudgeling each other; but William the Conqueror would not permit clerks of abbeys to fight without the permission of their diocesan. Priests in those times were good fencing-masters, and, as chaplains to the army, had a fair portion of the fight.

A license to fight a duel was issued by the highest authority, and these duels were so frequent that several monarchs issued various edicts against them. In 1041 a proclamation was issued called the Savior's Truce, prohibiting any duel from Wednesday to Monday; and to show upon what paltry grounds life was jeopardized in those barbarous ages, in 1167 no duels were to be fought on claims that did not exceed twopence-half-penny! Before the Norman conquest there are no records of duels or trials by battle. King Edmund endeavored to regulate by law the compensation for injuries arising from private feuds—wound of an inch long under the hair, one shilling; one of a like size on the face, two shillings; the loss of an ear, thirty shillings. Commutation for injuries, however we derive from the Bible. The Trojans also practiced it, as we learn from Homer. Nestor, in his speech to Achilles, thus addresses him:

"If a brother bleed,
On just atonement we remit the deed;
A sire the slaughter of his son forgives;
The price of blood discharged, the murderer lives."

Again we find in the eighteenth book of the Iliad, describing the shield of Achilles:

"There in the forum swarms a numerous train
The subject of debate a townsman slain;
One pleads the fine discharged, which one denied,
And bade the public and the law decide."

From the time of William of Normandy to that of Henry II., trial by single combat was the only honorable mode of decision. When an anti-renter, in a writ of right, pleaded the general issue and offered to decide it by battle, a piece of ground was staked out, and benches were placed for the accommodation of the Court of Common Pleas, who attended in their scarlet robes, and also for the members of the bar. The court assembled at day-break, and the parties fought with batons or staves—it being a civil suit—and they were bound to fight until the stars appeared in the evening; and if the champion of the tenant could defend himself until the stars appeared he gained his suit, and the defendant was proclaimed craven, and lost his rights as a freeman. In appeals for felony the parties had to fight in person.

Grains of Gold.

Never leave home with unkind words.

Never neglect to call upon your friends.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

It is easier and handier for men to flatter than to praise.

For the sake of getting a living, men often forget to live.

A great proof of superiority is to bear with impertinence.

The doer of a secret sin supposes it is he they are talking about.

Faith that asks no questions kills the soul and stifles the intellect.

Never associate with bad company. Have good company, or none at all.

Never appear to notice a scar, deformity or defect of any person present.

The man who mounts his high horse is invariably the least pitied when he falls.

Man believes that to be a lie which contradicts the testimony of his own ignorance.

"See what I am" not! "See what my father was!" is an old and excellent saying.

The motives which a mean man attributes to the actions of another, are the measures of his own.

If all those who obtain not their desires should die of disappointment, who would be living upon the earth?

Pride is never so effectually put to the blush as when it finds itself contrasted with an easy but dignified humility.

A true friend is one who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity.

Examine what undue passions reign most in thy soul, and take thy course of life clean contrary to them in thought, word and deed.

The mind is weak when it has once given way; it is long before a principle restored can become as firm as one that has never been moved.

The events we most desire do not happen; or, if they do, it is neither in the time, nor in the circumstances, when they would have given us extreme pleasure.

The despised of some people are the looked-up to of others. Were it not so, the little ones of the earth would not be able to hold up their heads under the contumely of the great ones.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life.

It is the temper of a blade that must be the proof of a good sword, and not the gilding of the hilt, or the richness of the scabbard; so it is not his grandeur and possessions that make a man considerable, but his intrinsic merit.

Let us not listen to those who think we ought to be angry with our enemies, and who believe this to be great and manly. Nothing is more praiseworthy, and nothing more clearly indicates a great and noble soul than clemency and readiness to forgive.

Manners are the shadows of virtues, the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.

When you speak evil of another, you must be prepared to have others speak evil of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says, "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over."

If you cannot speak well of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made kind by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To be good is a luxury. If you are not better and wiser at the end of the day, that day is lost.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will indicate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, habitually and honorably preferred; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up and rough-hew the habits that form it.

Further proceedings are about to be begun in the French Courts with a view to enable Patti to annul her marriage with the Marquis de Caux. Several irregularities in the marriage will be urged, which taken together may have the necessary weight to secure the desired end.

Feminimities.

Shop girls recognize a lady by her manners and not by her dress.

Artificial eyebrows are a late novelty for the adornment of women.

A pink ribbon under the chin makes a pale woman look brighter.

Who pays the highest price for a home? The woman who marries for one.

No padlock, bolts or bars can secure a maiden so well as her own reserve.

God pardons like a mother, who kisses the offence into everlasting forgetfulness.

Only a small percentage of men love their glass, but every mother's daughter doles on hers.

All women, let them be ever so homely, are pleased to hear themselves celebrated for their beauty.

Marrying a disagreeable woman for the sake of her money is swallowing a silver-coated pill.

Elderly married ladies are considered by some persons the least enviable of all kinds of waiting-maids.

Nothing perplexes a married man more than to find his wife using his bachelor cigar case to keep hairpins in.

American White is the name of a colored woman in Kentucky, and Africa Black is the name of a woman in Ohio.

A man being sympathized with on account of his wife's running away, said: "Don't pity me till she comes back again."

A young man recently told his auburn-haired darling that she had red hair. She settled the business by saying, "It is false."

A young man was so bashful that he refused to be married in the daytime recently and made all hands wait until darkness came on.

It has been discovered by a close observer that henpecked husbands are invariably men with hairless lips. It takes a moustache to awe a female.

One young man asked another if he were able always to please the ladies. "I never get so far as to try to please them," was the answer; "it takes all my tact not to displease them."

A woman may not know who has saved her country, but she never forgets the name and address of the dressmaker who saved her five yards in making up a dress of her own materials.

"The Hallelujah Lasses," or "Salvation Army," a body of lady preachers under the command of a well-known clergyman, have been creating some excitement in the North of England.

A master's butler gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. "Lor'!" his master exclaimed, "ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankful ye're not married to her."

There are four hundred and twenty lady dentists in this country, and only five female lawyers. A cynical bachelor says this shows that ladies can work the mouth to much better advantage than the brain.

"'Tis now the average woman lets her husband's stockings go without darning, neglects to sew up the rent in his coat, and goes and joins the sewing circle to make garments for the poor. Such sacrifice will be husbanded as a treasure above.

Let any man who thinks he has large conversational powers, call on a lady friend of his when she has three or four lady friends visiting, get them all talking about how to make pies puddings, &c., and then try and get in a word. If he succeeds it is because the ladies are just learning.

"Have pictures around you always; they give ideas and promote cheerful thought." So wrote somebody and the advice is all well enough. But when an Eighth ward woman discovered two or three pictures of pretty females in her husband's coat pocket she raised the roof. And yet he was only trying to cultivate the æsthetic, of course.

Ladies buying black silks are often at a loss for some test which will secure them from being deceived in the quality. In such a dilemma let them pinch the specimen "on the cross," and then pull it in a contrary direction. If the crease looks like a similar fold in a piece of paper, reject that piece unhesitatingly. But if it smooths out entirely, the crease disappearing, it is safe to purchase. Also see that the color is a glossy blue black. Black with a tinge of dun or green is unsafe.

General Sherman has returned to Washington from his Southern trip.

The most extravagant boarder in the Parker House, Boston, is an expelled Harvard student, whose parents believe he is still studying in Cambridge.

The Underwriter says that the first ten of the last fifteen years formed the halcyon period of life insurance. The last five have been the lean years, but things are looking up.

The gas wells of East Liverpool, Ohio, furnish a continual supply of light and heat to the town, as the gas costs nothing, the street lamps are never extinguished. It is used almost exclusively for fuel, being conducted into the grates and stoves by pipes. For twenty years this process has been going on, and there are no indications that the supply of gas is giving out.

General Sherman is stoutly opposed to the marriage of second lieutenants in the army. When he was staying at Atlanta, Ga., a few days ago, Lieutenant Alfred Reynolds, of the Twentieth United States Infantry, called to pay his respects while on his bridal tour. "What is your rank, sir?" said General Sherman. "Second lieutenant," was the reply. "Well, sir, you ought to be put to work on a farm," answered the General.

David Peters, a negro, has for ten years been a convict in the Rhode Island State Prison. He was uneducated when he entered, but immediately became a hard student, and has spent all his leisure in a successive mastery of reading, writing, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and four languages. His mind is now said to be giving way, however, and an effort is being made to secure his release from the remaining five years of his sentence.

Hardline.

Masked bawl—A smothered cry.

Original reef-formers—The polypi.

Only a matter of form—Tight lacing.

Suspending business—The hangman's.

A bat that flies without wings—A brickbat.

Patient waiters—Physicians without practice.

A little boy in New Jersey wants to know what Adam's second name was.

Stubbs says that the times are so dull that it is difficult for him to collect even his ideas.

An old bachelor is a traveler on life's railroad, who has entirely failed to make the proper connections.

At an agricultural meeting, lately, one of the toasts was, "The medical profession, and less need of them."

After a boy is tired out hoeing potatoes, nothing seems to rest him more than a dig over a few square rods of greensward in search of bait.

A swell who stuttered horribly paid attentions to a very pretty actress. "Ah, sir," said she, "life is too short. I haven't time to listen to you."

That was a ghastly joke that a sinful townsman played on a stranger, whom he promised to introduce to a rich planter, and then took him round and presented him to the leading undertaker.

A little fellow, on going for the first time to a church where the pews were very high, was asked on coming out what he did in the church, when he replied, I went into a cupboard and took a seat on a shelf."

A young lady at a hotel set foot upon an orange peel as she was tripping down the great staircase, and reached the bottom in such a heterogeneous condition that she refused to know herself for a fortnight.

A couple of men were in the hold of a ship, and one asked the other, "Why are these goods which have just been let down like chickens?" "Well," said the conundrum-maker, "it is because they come by the hatchway."

"In this case against my client for stealing a pair of trowsers, I move for a non-suit," said a lawyer. "On what ground?" asked the judge. "On the ground that a whole *suit* can't be made out of a pair of trowsers," replied the lawyer.

A celebrated oculist offered to operate on a blind beggar's eyes, and said, "I'll guarantee to restore your sight." "What?" exclaimed the beggar—"restore my sight, and so ruin my business! A pretty notion! Do you want to deprive me of my livelihood?"

An Irishman who was standing on a London bridge, said to a youth, "Faith and I think I know yees; what's yer name?" "Jones," said the boy. "Jones, Jones," said the Irishman, "And I knew several could maids by that name in Dublin; was aither of them yer mother?"

A teacher asked one of her class what was the first line of the piece of poetry which described Daniel's feelings on being cast into the lion's den. The youngster was posed. The teacher said, "Come, come!" sharply. There at the boy exclaimed, hurriedly: "I know; it was good-by, sweetheart, good-by!"

Some one was telling Sam about the longevity of the mud turtle. "Yes," said Sam, "I know all about that, for once I found a venerable old fellow in a meadow, who was so old he could scarcely wiggle his tail, and on his back was carved (tolerably plain, considering all things) these words: 'Paradise, Year 1, Adam.'"

Scene in a private box of a fashionable theatre. Enter servant, considerably excited: "If you please, mistress, your husband has just had a bad fall, and the doctor thinks he has sustained serious injuries, so——" Loving wife—What a pity! I shall have to go home and see to it." Turning to the doorkeeper: "Give me a return-check, quick!"

A paper mentions the following as an easy method of taking owls: "When you discover one on a tree, and find that it is looking at you, all that you have to do is to turn quickly round the tree several times, when the owl's attention will be so firmly fixed that forgetting the necessity of turning its body with its head, it will follow your motions until it wrings its head off."

At Oshkosh, Mr. Black Swallowtail coat to White corded glace silk en train, trimmed with cauliflowers, cut bias. The groom wore a pimpled face, surmounted with a shock of red hair. The bride was stylishly attired with blue eyes and blonde trimmings. Her shoes were gracefully ornamented with bunions, which contrasted admirably with a fashionable wart on the north side of her rich nasal implement.

Next to chasing the street car, with the thermometer at 100, the best way to amuse one's self is to try to pick a knot of a shoestring. A man jerks away at it for a moment, then says, "Darn it!" hauls out his knife and cuts it. A woman picks away with a vindictiveness that only a well regulated female possesses; the quieter she is the madder she is getting. When she gets through she rocks very fast, and it is not a good time for George to ask her if the buttons are on his shirt.

He was counsel for the clergyman arraigned for the alleged murder of a young lady. In the course of the very long trial, he (meaning the counsel) was waited upon at his own lodgings, somewhat early one morning, by two of the ministerial brethren, friends of the accused, who, with great earnestness, informed the barrister that they had had a vision of angels, who said the accused was entirely innocent. "Let them be summoned into court forthwith, and examined," said the counsel—and the ministerial parties went.

BECAUSE A PERSON HAS A BAD COUGH it should not be inferred that Consumption has set in, although a case of Consumption is rarely met with unaccompanied by a distressing Cough. Where, however, a disposition to pulmonary disease exists, a Cough if left to itself, strains and racks the lungs, wastes the general strength, and soon establishes an incurable complaint. In all cases, then it is the safer plan to get rid of a Cough, Cold or Hoarseness without delay, and for this purpose no remedy acts more promptly or surely, or with more benefit to the organs of the chest than Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a medicine scientifically compounded from carefully selected drugs, and which, on trial, will always be found worthy of its world-wide reputation.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY E. C.

Men have a hundred other things,
But woman's love is all to her;
Her loved one's step all heaven brings,
In his sweet voice all music sings,
She thinks him nobler than all kings;
His queen, alas! ah, that she were.

What! wilt thou, then, be gone indeed?
Stay! must thou seek an ampler span?
Of fuller life feel'st thou a need?
The void thou lear'st wilt thou not heed?
Is this her noble faith's just meed?
Ah! fickleness thy name is man.

A ROYAL MARRIAGE.

ONCE more the reigning families of Great Britain and Germany are united by the ties of matrimony. Prince Arthur, the Duke of Connaught, weds Princess Louise Margaret, the youngest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. The alliance is hailed in both countries as a fresh token of the amity existing between the two nations. Of all the English princes the Duke has been, since his earliest youth, on the most intimate terms with the royal house of Hohenzollern, and quite a favorite of the aged Kaiser. He was born shortly after the Emperor (then simply Prince of Prussia) had returned from his exile to England, to the hospitable shores of which he had been driven by the revolutionary storm of 1848. Prince William, extremely grateful to the Queen for the kind reception accorded him during that trying time, begged, on the birth of the little Prince, the favor of being his sponsor. His request was readily granted. He proceeded to England with his consort, and himself held the infant over the baptismal font. A picture taken of Prince Arthur when an infant is still hanging in a conspicuous place in the Emperor's study at Babelsberg. As to the bride she was born on the 14th of September, 1860, being thus only eighteen years of age. Her father, as is well known, is one of the most distinguished soldiers in Europe, and was the commander of the second army in the Franco-German war, and as such compelled Marshal Bazaine to surrender Metz. She is pretty, amiable, and withal one of the most practical and sensible princesses in Europe. She is a young woman who appears to have an object in life, for she is said to balance her little cash account with punctual regularity, to work on the sewing machine occasionally, and to devote a large share of her time to feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and comforting the afflicted. Among other good works in which she has engaged was the founding of an institute for teaching and providing for the portionless daughters of poor members of the nobility. She can sketch from nature very creditably, and has also displayed considerable skill in making architectural designs, which have been put to actual use in the German capital. She speaks English almost as well as her native German, and last autumn, when she passed a fortnight with the Queen at Balmoral, became a favorite with all who were brought in contact with her.

In person she is tall and slender, with sweet, large gray eyes, a profusion of fair hair, and a very clear pink and white complexion. And then—they do say that she desperately loves the Duke, and her dowry is only $20,000. So the royal and imperial marriage may be classed with those which are ordained in Heaven, as well as by the Princes and Powers of the mundane sphere.

The Emperor's permission to have the marriage celebrated abroad was obtained only after long negotiations, and though finally granted, was entirely contrary to the strict house rules of the Hohenzollerns. He gave way finally to the earnest entreaty of Queen Victoria, who was very desirous that the marriage of her favorite son should be solemnized at her own home.

The young couple embarked on board the royal yacht Osborne for a bridal tour to the Mediterranean. On their return Prince Arthur will, it is believed, despite all semi-official or even official denials, be appointed Viceroy of Ireland.

New Publications.

Fairy Tales, their Origin and Meaning, is the title of one of Appleton's New Handy Volume Series. It is a fascinating book, full of curious and interesting reading. It traces back some of our nursery stories to Aryan myths, and explains their original meaning. The volume is one that will be read with equal pleasure and satisfaction. Published by D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Another of the Handy Volume Series is an admirable sketch by Alfred H. Guernsey of Thomas Carlyle, his Life, his Books, his Theories. In it he gives in a skillfully condensed form a remarkably complete view of Carlyle and his works. It is copiously illustrated with extracts from his writings, and is altogether a most instructive and entertaining book. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

MAGAZINES.

Harpers' Magazine for April opens with the second paper of Col. Waring's interesting description of the "Tyrol Berg and Thal," which is very beautifully illustrated. "Picturesque Edinburgh" is described in an article by Helen S. Conant, and graphically illustrated, while Frank Taylor's graphic pen and pencil have contributed an interesting illustrated description of "Street Scenes in Havana." An entertaining description of the Philadelphia Zoo is also given with fine illustrations. The series of papers on "American Art" is continued in an article treating of American Sculpture, with unusually fine engravings representing works by Powers, Crawford, Rogers, Story, Reinhart, Hosmer, Palmer, Ward and others. The rest of the contents are a serio comic article by Olive Logan, The Ancestry of Brudder Bones, A paper on the late Richard H. Dana, by R. H. Stoddard. The Practical Interrogation of Nature, by D. Draper. Church Music in America. Cor Cordium, a short story by Mrs. L. W. Champney, How Abel McApril preached for Mr. Smith. An instructive article on A Kitchen Garden. A collection of letters written by Dr. Samuel Latham Mitchell to his wife from Washington 1801 to 1813, contain some interesting descriptions of prominent men and events of that period. Among the poems is a charming one by Paul Hayne entitled The True Heaven. The others are The Voyage of St. Brandan by William Gibson, To a Bed of Tulips, by Robert Herrick, Chelidonispa by A. T. L. The serial story Young Mrs. Jardine, by Miss Mulock is continued in several chapters. The Editor's Department contain their usual variety of interesting matter.

The North American Review for April contains a number of articles of timely interest from prominent writers, opening with one by Thomas A. Hendricks, entitled Retribution in Politics. Public Schools of England are discussed by Thomas Hughes. Henry James, Jr. contributes an article on A Friend of Lord Byron. A paper on the census of 1880 is contributed by George Walker. Part II is given of the articles on The Pronunciation of the Latin Language, by W. W. Story. Chief Joseph gives An Indian's Views of Indian Affairs. Hartman's Religion of the Future is discussed by M. A. Hardaker, and Recent Miscellaneous Literature by A. R. McDonough. An article on German Socialism is also in the list of contents.

The April number of Lippincott's Magazine is replete with attractions. The opening article is entitled A Visit to the Shrines of Old Virginia, from the graphic pen of Daniel H. Strother, (Porte Crayon). Henry James, Jr., contributes a series of charming sketches of English places of historic fame, entitled English Vignettes. The False Prince is the second of the series with the general title of Women's Husbands. J. Brander Matthews contributes an interesting article with illustrations on Moliere. The Life and the Legend. Ancient Decorative Stuffs are entertainingly described by H. M. Benson. The rest of the contents are The Hoosiers at Home, by Mary Dean. Our Beaux, a love story by Sarah Winters Kellogg. My Village in the South, continued by Annie Porter. A Lady's Life in Brazil and continuing chapters of the serial Through Winding ways by Ellen W. Olney. A Bit of Old Satsuma, an interesting article on Japanese Ceramics. The poems are Folk Songs by W. W. Young, Trees in the City by Edgar Fawcett. Various timely subjects are discussed in the Monthly Gossip.

The April number of Scribners has its usual brilliant array of contents and illustrations. J. Brander Matthews leads with an illustrated article on Actors and Actresses of New York. A glimpse in a Distillery is described by Ernest Ingersoll with a variety of fine illustrations. The Stickeen River and its Glaciers is an interesting description by W. H. Bell, also illustrated. A prominently interesting article is a biographical sketch of John Ericson the great inventor, with a variety of illustrations including his portrait. Another interesting biographical sketch is given of Henry Bergh and his labors in behalf of prevention of cruelty to Animals. The Tendency of Modern Thought as Seen in Romanism and Rationalism is discussed by C. C. Tiffany. The other contents are Holy Russia, a poem by Edna Dean Proctor, Anemone, by Elaine Goodale, Admonition, a poem, by Augusta Moore, The New Moon, by Andrew B. Saxon. Half-Witted Guttorin, by Kristofer Janson. The Portrait, by David T. Foster. Fraulein, a short story by Adeline Trafton. The Token, a poem by Richard Henry Stoddard. A Canticle of Spring, by Mary E. Bradley. An article on The Measure of a Man, by William Page. The two serials, Haworths and Falconberg are continued with increasing interest, and the various departments are full of interesting miscellaneous articles.

The second number of United Service Quarterly Review, has a brilliant array of contents contributed by prominent officers of the navy and army, opening with a description of Deep Sea Sounding, by Capt. Geo. E. Belknap, U. S. N. Col. Geo. A. Woodward, U. S. A. contributes Some Experiences with the Cheyennes. Commodore Simpson discusses New Constructions of Cannon. Captain Howgate has an article on Arctic Exploration and the North west Passage. Commodor Rhind tells about The Last of the Fort Fisher Powder Boat. General John Gibbon has an article on Arms to fight Indians. Rear Admiral Ammen contributes an article on The Purposes of a Navy and the Best Methods of Rendering it Efficient. The other articles are the Pittsburg Riots, by J. B. Nichols. A Lay Sermon around Vessels, by Lieut. J. D. J. Kelley, U. S. N. Military Rifle Practice in the United States by Brig. Gen'l. T. F. Rodenbough, U. S. N. The United States Naval Academy, by Lieutenant T. R. M. Mason, U. S. N. The Zulu War. The Chinese in America, by Admiral Porter.

Potter's American Monthly for April contains an interesting variety of literature and miscellany, beginning with an entertaining account of The City by the Golden Gate, by Josephine Clifford. Four chapters continuing the serial Tom Trudge. The North Isle, a poem by Marie F. Lamb. Wonder Working Medicines, by Margaret Field. The Last Cup, by George B. Griffith. A Case of Catalepsia, by Augusta De Bosbus. Two series of articles on American Composers gives in this number a sketch of Henry C. Work. Black Jid, a true story by Guy Ainslee. Vincennes, Indiana, a Century Ago, by A. A. Graham. An Indian Settlement, by Margaret Hosmer. The Early Instant, by Leigh F. North. Da Capo, by Barton Gray. The Eastern Farmer, by C. E. D. Phillips. The second part of Carita Canejo's Arctic Flowers, by G. B. G. A variety of short articles on current topics. Literature Art, Science and Mechanics close the list.

The April number of Appleton's Journal has for its opening article a paper entitled A French Borgia, giving a history of the events on which Balzac's novel, Le Cure de Village, was founded. This is followed by Dr. Johnson, His Biographers and Critics. The Dome of the Continent, by Eugene H. Cowles, Shakespeare and the Musical Classes, which is the reply of Myron H. Benton to Mr. Appleton's article entitled The Shaksperian Myth. In an article entitled The Dome of the Continent, Mr. Eugene Cowles gives a description of an ascent of the volcano Popocatapetl. The other contents are the following reprints: Picking up the Pieces, Mr. Gladstone on Heroes, Prince Bismarck on Swells, Snobs and Cockneys. The Editor's Table gives articles on Literary Property, Republics and Aristocracies, Impressionism in Art.

The Eclectic magazine for March and April have been received. The March number has a fine steel engraving of Edison and his Phonograph. Among the articles are the following: Novel Reading, by Anthony Trollope; Historical Aspect of the United States, by Dean Stanley; Count Tirsan, About Lotteries: Trafalgar, by F. S. Palgrave; Supposed Changes in the Moon, by Proctor; Ancient Egypt, by R. S. Poole; American Rediviva, by J. W. Cross; Opinions of Experts on Use of Alcohol; Gairishes on a Cape Farm, by Lady Verney; Francisca da Rimi, by D. G. Rossetti; and the opening chapters of an interesting serial, entitled Mademoiselle de Mersac. The Editorial Departments are replete with interest.

The April number of the Eclectic has for one of its attractions the lecture on The Electric Light, delivered by Prof. Tyndall at the Royal Institution. Another interesting article is Edinburg Society Seventy Years Ago, with personal reminiscences of Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Brougham. The rest of the contents are: An article on The Evil Eye; an opening instalment of John Stuart Mills, Chapters on Socialism; Animals and their Native Countries; the concluding part of The Earth's Place in Nature, by Norman Lockyer; About Joseph Addison; A Broken String (a poem); the second paper on Ancient Egypt; At the Convent Gate, a poem by Austin Dobson; Mesmerism, Planchette, and Spiritualism in China; Robert Dick, the Thurso Baker by Wm. Chambers; The Pope's New Encyclical; A Flower (a poem), and a biographical sketch of Rev. James H. Fairchild, President of Oberlin College, accompanied with portrait. Published by E. R. Pelton & Co., of New York.

The latest number of Blackwood's magazine is an unusually good one, having for its opening article an amusing comedy entitled, Picking up the pieces, which will prove quite attractive and useful to amateurs. This is followed by part XII of the interesting serial, John Caldigate. A Scots Bishop is an article on the Episcopal Church in Scotland. The series on Contemporary Literature discusses Novelists. The Great Unfooled is the title of a short, amusing story. The remainder of the contents are: Climate in the Levant, Odilion Barrot in 1848, The Two Ligats, Bitter Sweet, Amari Aliquid, The Zulu War. Reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of New York, and for sale by W. B. Zeiber, of this city.

St. Nicholas for April is full of attractions for little ones; the frontispiece represents The Sitting-man preserving order among the little Puritans, illustrating the opening story about Little Puritans, by H. E. Scudder. The Flame of the Street Lamp has several illustrations, and is described by Frederic Palmer. Celia Thaxter has a lovely poem, A Song of Easter, with an illustrated border. The Dew of the Rose is a charming little sketch by Mary Lathbury. Spoiling a Bombshell is a thrilling story by John Lewes. The Reward of Virtue, are verses by V. L. Smith. Marriot Prescott Spofford tells about The Boy Astronomer, with illustrations by Reinhart. The Little Big Woman and the Big Little Girl, are merry verses by M. M. D. One of the leading attractions of the number is Beating the Hounds, contributed by Tom Hughes, the author of School Days at Rugby. A Boarding School is a short sketch of a bird emporium. Lucy Larcom has a lovely poem on Snow or and Flower. King Wiantel the First, is a short story from the Germans. Little Housemaids at the New York Kitchen Garden, is very interestingly described by Olive Thorn, with lovely illustrations. An interesting sketch of Milton, is given by Emma Burt; and the serials Eyebright, by Susan Coolidge, and A Jolly Fellowship, by Frank Stockton, are continued with fresh attractions. A Morning Call from a Panther, is a graphically told story by David Ker.

Wide Awake for April comes fresh and charming in its array of lovely stories, verses, and pictures for children. The frontispiece, by Robert Lewis, represents a ship board scene of the 13th century, and illustrates the opening story of The Maid of Norway, by Mrs. Curwen. April Fools and Other Fools, is an amusing and timely story by J. Pazzard. A graphic sketch of the Mardi Gras, or Carnival Festival in Nice, is given by M. J. Norin. An illustrated story, told in a charming way, of child life at a frontier post, entitled Lily on Plains, is by Mrs. Le Boutillier, of Dakota. Mr. Bishop contributes an amusing story of the Forbes-Doolan affair. The interesting series on American Artists, gives a sketch of N. W. Chase, with pen and ink drawings of the artist and his studio. The other biographical sketch, No. XXIII of Poets' Homes, is a charming description of the Southern poet, Paul H. Hayne, with illustrations of his home, and his portrait. The three serials, The Dogberry Bunch, St. Olave's, Don Quixote, Jr., are continued with interesting matters. The poems are: How Spring Made Her Flowers, The Earth's Little Babies, Fanny Uncle Fall, The Old Man Picking his Queen, Spring Time, etc. Tangles, the P. O. Department, and a Spring Song with music, complete the list. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston.

The Nursery magazine will undoubtedly gladden the eyes and hearts of little ones with the lovely pictures, verses, and stories it offers in its April number, and no nursery should be deprived of its visit. Published by John Shorey, of Boston.

NEW MUSIC.

The April number of the Folio published by White, Smith & Co., of Boston, contains a portrait of Gerster, the new prima donna, and a variety of musical and dramatic chat. The musical contents are the following songs: Give Every Man a Square Deal, Dr. Puff, One Sweetly Solemn Thought, and two instrumental pieces, Bum Bum Galop and an arrangement of Sweet By and By.

From D. G. Russell, of Boston, we have the following: Lullaby, a mezzo soprano song, by Cirillo; Prayer, by Gounod; arranged by W. H. Fessenden; Good Night, by A. T. Cleveland; the words are from Shelly's poem of that name; the Pinafore Waltz is quite a spirited one, arranged by Eugene Dupre; All at Rest, a pleasing nocturne, by Henry Strauss. The same publisher announces Clarke's anthem collection, with organ obligato accompaniment, Clarke's Organ Collection for Church service, and The Singer's Class Book for Singing Schools.

The Leipsig correspondent mentions a rumor that Richard Wagner, the composer, has become hopelessly insane, and adds: "Heretofore he has been considered very eccentric, but eccentricity, like his often incipient madness, and a morbid brain is apt to fail entirely when employed upon such prodigious work as has occupied him for so many years."

Recently a hand on John Best's farm near Monocacy, Frederick county, Md., found under a hay stack a hog that had lain there alive for seven months and a half without food, losing 300 pounds in that time. The hog died in a few days after its rescue.

The Russian language is one extremely hard to learn, and cannot be acquired with dictionary and grammar alone.

The furniture manufacturers and dealers in Boston have taken steps to establish an agency in London.

GET MORE OXYGEN.

The Philadelphia Business Advocate, speaking of the new and remarkably successful treatment for chronic diseases known as "Compound Oxygen," says: "We call particular attention to this new treatment, and especially for those who are suffering from chest or catarrhal diseases, or from any of the various forms of neuralgia. The larger amount of oxygen which it furnishes to the lungs gives a higher degree of warmth and vitality to the system, and so fortifies it against the assaults of winter. A few years ago a gentleman of this city, with lungs so weak and vitality so low that he was obliged to seek a southern latitude every winter or confine himself to the house from December to March, was induced by a friend who had received great benefit from the oxygen treatment to give it a trial. The result was not only improved health, but the ability to remain in the city all through the colder season of the year. We believe that he has not been south since he commenced to use the oxygen." If you wish to know all about this new treatment, write to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa., for their "Treatise on Compound Oxygen." It will be sent free.

News Notes.

An American named Livingstone drives a fourteen-horse team to Florence.

William Astor, it is said, intends building an opera house at Jacksonville, Fla.

A Methodist minister named Wanter died at Salisbury, England, lately, aged 102. He had been a preacher nearly 80 years.

Samuel Morgan, formerly a member of the Vermont Legislature, has been sentenced to the State Prison for forgery.

In London is a society the members of which agree to use their influence to abolish the practice of wearing mourning.

Hermann has given up magic, and is in Holland digging for antediluvian treasures beneath the canal beds of Amsterdam.

The alleged outbreak of leprosy in the Spanish province of Alicante is said to consist of hereditary cases, and to be not contagious.

The Celestials are not only daily increasing in numbers in Burmah, but are driving the Burmese and Bengalee artisans out of the market.

The Marquis of Bute has a vineyard near Cardiff, Wales, which is said to have demonstrated the practicability of vine growing in that country.

A careless bank teller in Cincinnati gave two Chinamen $400 in gold for $250 in silver and greenbacks, and those Chinamen didn't wait to be told to go.

Since Paris opened her first horse butchery 132,133 horses, 4,870 asses, and 203 mules have been eaten there. In the country they eat less of such viands.

The London *Times* criticizes the extraordinary incapacity of parents to discern the kind of instruction best fitted to the mental aptitudes of their children.

George Hargreaves, eighty years of age, a Liverpool merchant of good standing, was recently sentenced to five years' penal servitude for forging a bill of exchange for $5,000.

An eminent English mechanic thinks that foreign competition would be impossible if the trades unions spent their money in educating their men instead of fighting their masters.

Senator Bayard measures 6 feet 3 inches; Senator Blaine, 6 feet; Senator Barnsides 6 feet 2; Senator Conkling, 6 feet 3; Cockrell, 6 feet 3; Saulsbury, 6 feet 3; and Thurman, 6 feet 10 1 2.

The man who married a whole family lives in Traverse county, Michigan. His first wife died, and he married her sister. She too died, and then he married the mother of his two former wives.

Robert Templeton, watchmaker and jeweler of Ayr, has bequeathed his whole estate of about $50,000 to rebuild the old bridge of that town, popularly known as the "Auld Brig of Ayr," and rendered famous by Burns' poems.

There is one Mississippi editor who objects to being styled Colonel. He says he was born a cripple, and his only mode of locomotion is a wheel-chair, and he does't think the title appropriate to him under the circumstances.

The Prince of Wales, who has always had a passion for foreign ways, and who has taken of late more strongly than ever to American notions, has set the fashion at his club of making bets, not in sovereigns or guineas, but in dollars.

Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, nineteenth wife of the late Brigham Young, has written a letter to Mrs. President Hayes declaring woman suffrage in Utah a delusion and snare, and asking her to exert her influence against the vast and increasing crime of polygamy.

A gentleman in Pittsburg has brought suit against the wife of a prominent citizen of that place for the recovery of jewelry which he had bestowed on her previous to her marriage, and when he thought such gifts might be the means of inducing her to favor his advances.

An English provost marshal was recently engaged in hanging four Afghan culprits, when the cross beam broke, and the condemned fell to the ground. There was no delay in their execution, however, as the marshal whipped out his revolver and sent bullets through their heads in quick succession.

The popularity of the German Emperor is so great, and the gifts of his affectionate subjects so numerous that he has been compelled to remind the public of a half forgotten order in Council forbidding the presentation of books, music, objects of industry and the like without leave having been previously asked for and obtained.

Young and feeble mothers with frail children will be benefited by the use of Hop Bitters.

The cholera having appeared at Munich, the crows have all disappeared. The same thing happened during the cholera visitations of 1836 and 1854. The same phenomenon has been noticed at Mauritius, where the martens disappeared during the prevalence of cholera. From this it is inferred that birds become aware of cholera infection in the air.

A German paper publishes an interesting account of the migration of people caused by the Russo-Turkish war, and which is described as the greatest witnessed since the Middle Ages. Since 1877 the emigration in several Turkish provinces has exceeded a million souls. Some districts have been completely evacuated, and occupied almost immediately by another population.

Like Envious Clouds

that obscure a beauteous landscape are the discolorations, blotches, pustules, moth spots, and other defacements which frequently overshadow female charms. A few applications of LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH will, however, invariably dispel these blights upon beauty, and render attractions previously eclipsed more dazzling than ever. So perfectly natural is the delicate hue bestowed by this preparation that no one would ever suppose it to have been produced by an artificial agent.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson's lawn at Concord is said to be the favorite gathering place of the young people and children of that pleasant town.

Baton Rouge boys started a pedestrian exhibition (admission 2 cents) and a nine-year old walker stuck to the track till he fell from exhaustion. He has since been dangerously ill.

The Marquis of Lorne was recently addressed thus by a youth of Illinois: "Esteemed Sir:—Would you be so kind as to send me your autograph and the Princess Lorne's, and I would like the signature of her mother if I could get it. Respectfully."

A Columbus machinist has been at work eight years on a clock. At the first quarter hour a locomotive runs across an open space; at the second a miniature bell is tolled in Independence Hall, and Washington walks into sight; at the third, the twelve Apostles bow to Christ, Peter denies his Lord, and a cock crows; at the even hour there is music, and a skeleton hastens along, bearing the legend, "Time flies." Every noon Lincoln appears with the Emancipation Proclamation, and a slave falls on his knees as his shackles drop off.

On our Most Distant Frontiers.

As in our busiest and most populous cities of the seaboard and interior, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is pre-eminently popular. Wherever civilization plants its foot on this continent, thither the great tonic soon finds its way. Nor is this surprising, for it is the medicine of all others best adapted to the wants of the Western emigrant, be he miner or agriculturist. It is an incomparable remedy for the diseases to which he is most subject, and which are liable to be brought on by a change of climate, hardship, exposure, unaccustomed air and diet, and miasmatic atmosphere and water. Among these are disorders of the stomach and bowels, rheumatic ailments, and malarious fevers, for all of which Hostetter's Bitters is a certain specific. A course of the Bitters before departing for the new field of labor, or on arriving will have the effect of preventing the evils for which it is such a signal remedy.

Doctor's Bills

Saved by using M'Clelland's Homœopathic Remedies. They are prepared expressly for Families. Put up in neat one dollar cases and contains twelve (12) of the most prominent medicines with description of disease and full directions for use. We want an agent in every town and county to sell our remedies. Sample case with terms to agents sent, charges paid, for one dollar. Address MCCLELLAND & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime.—Persons who have been taking Cod Liver Oil will be pleased to learn that Dr. Wilbor has succeeded, from directions of several professional gentlemen, in combining the pure Oil and Lime in such a manner that it is pleasant to the taste, and its effects in Lung complaints are truly wonderful. Very many persons whose cases were pronounced hopeless, and who had taken the clear Oil for a long time without marked effect, have been entirely cured by using this preparation. Be sure and get the genuine. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House, New York City.*

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

To produce real genuine sleep and childlike repose all night, take a little Hop Bitters on retiring.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET
and Skirt Supporter are the greatest improvement ever made in Corsets. They are a fine velvet, very flexible and contain no bones.
The FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET,
(120 bones) fits with perfect ease and is guaranteed not to break over the hips.
Price, - - - $1.75.
For Sale by leading Merchants.
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Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by
HUMPHREYS' HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.
Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
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109 Fulton Street, New York.

SAVE A DOLLAR !! The EGYPTIAN PATCH, ACHE AND LIVER PAD is without any exception the best Pad in existence for the cure and prevention of all malarious diseases and the most wonderful medical discovery of the age. No medicine required. Cures by absorption. Send for pamphlet, which gives certificates of extraordinary cures performed by this Pad, mailed free. Ask your Druggist for the Egyptian Pad and take no other; if he has none, I will send you one by mail on receipt of price, $1. JOSEPH FLEMING, 84 Market street Pittsburgh, Pa. Sole Agent for the United States.

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CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from One to Twenty Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is
The Only Pain Remedy
that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.
FEVER AND AGUE,
FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

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SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.
BE IT CREATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,
Liver Complaint, Etc.
Kidney and Bladder Complaints,
Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.
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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs. Inches.	Toupees and Scalps. Inches.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

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THE LARGEST DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING HOUSE.
Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Zephyrs, Fringes, Ribbons, Notions, Cloths,
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7 Send a Penny Postal Card, specifying what is desired, and by return mail you will receive, postage paid, samples of the newest styles of Goods, with the widths and lowest city prices, besides full particulars about ordering. 9
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A SPECIFIC FOR DYSPEPSIA THAT CAN BE CONFIDENTLY RELIED UPON TO ERADICATE THE DISEASE AND REMEDY ALL ITS HARASSING SYMPTOMS.
No disease is so widely prevalent as Dyspepsia, none is characterized by such a variety of harassing symptoms. Heartburn, Nausea, Acidity, Waterbrash, oppression at the pit of the stomach after meals, and a sinking sensation in that organ between them, colicky pains, nervousness, inability to sleep, sick headache, palpitation of the heart and vertigo are the more prominent indications of the malady, but in addition to these it gives rise to a host of odd sensations, which are utterly indescribable.
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"It is with great pleasure that I am now able to inform you that the 'Digestique Powders' have entirely cured me of Dyspepsia. For the past six years it has troubled me so that everything I eat, no matter how light, or how small the quantity, filled me with wind and pain, followed by waterbrash, heartburn and belching. The 'Digestique Powders' are the only medicine, and I have used many that have given me any relief, and they have completely cured me. I have had no trouble to sleep since the first dose, and can now eat anything I want without trouble. Shall be glad to recommend them to my friends. "E. A. CONRAD, No. 1245 Cass Street."
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"I take pleasure in recommending 'Digestique Powders' as a specific for dyspepsia. I have tried them and can attest their efficacy and curative powers for this prevailing disease.
"LEWIS G. WUNDER, Chief Clerk of the Phila. Post Office."
"DIGESTIQUE POWDERS" are not sold by Druggists, but will be sent by mail to any part of the country, on receipt of the Price, One Dollar a box. All orders sent to the care of "SATURDAY EVENING POST, 726 Hansom Street, Philadelphia, will receive prompt attention.

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Prismatic Top,

A new mechanical toy which pleases the artistic eye, as well as that of childhood. Will spin from 15 to 20 minutes according to the force used in starting it. No limit to the number of its color changes; it is impossible to produce the same combination of colors twice. Made entirely of metal it cannot be broken, while its constant changes make it always a new toy, and a source of infinite amusement. Price 25 cents. By mail 30 cents. Liberal discount to the trade. Send 2 cent stamp for circular. Agents Wanted.
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A sure cure for nervous debility, premature decay, exhaustion, etc. The only reliable cure. Circulars mailed free. Address J. E. REEVES, 40 Chatham St., N. Y.

JUDGE For Yourself By sending 25 cents with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, Box 201, Fultonville, N. Y.

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We will pay Agents a salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Ex mean what we say. Sample free. Address SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

ANY LADY or Gent that sends us their address will receive something of great value free, by mail. Only about 200 left. W. WESTON, 172 Greenwich St., New York.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

50 PERFUMED Chromo Scroll, Transparent & Flirtation cards, name in gold and jet, 10c. Outfit 10c. Agents wanted. Royal Card Co. Northford Ct.

50 Perfumed Snowflake Chromo, Motto &c. cards no 2 alike, name in gold and jet 10 cents. G. A. SPRING & CO., E. Wallingford, Conn.

60 CHROMO and Perfumed cards, no 2 alike, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. CLINTON BROS, Clintonville, Conn.

1 PACK 32 French Transparent Cards, securely sealed, postpaid, 25c.; 2 packs 50c.; Coe & Co., Northford, Conn.

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60 New Style Cards, Lilly, Chromo, Motto, Lace, Goldedge, &c. Name in gold, 10c. Star Co. Clintonville, Ct.

50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc. CARDS, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. U. S. Card Co. Northford, Conn.

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NIGHT SCENES, 4 for 15c. Sent by mail sealed. GILBERT & CO., North Chatham, N. Y.

50 Cards, no 2 alike, Chromo &c., with name, 15c. GEO. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THE dominion of dress or Fashion can only be compared to a labyrinth of materials, forms and colors in which each one who wanders finds a thread which will guide them to something especially adapted to their individual wants, either in style or price, for never before has fashion allowed her votaries more complete liberty; she not only allows an unrestrained exercise of individual taste and fancy, but also leaves us to invent styles of our own rather than establish any absolute decree for all to obey. Every kind of dress is worn: coats, waistcoats, princesse dresses, polonaises, "*lavandiere*," or washerwoman tunics, demi train skirts, and short costumes with the panier drapery. The mode of paniers seems to steadily gain ground, even in spite of the arguments and opposition against its adoption; and as it has not assumed that form which is unbecoming or trying to one's figure, we can prepare ourselves to conform to the innovation by adding a more bouffant, or puffed effect to the drapery of Spring and Summer dresses. To accord with the variety of styles which supply the models for dresses, we also have an endless variety of materials to select from, for never before have they been so diversified in quality and texture. There is a decided predominance of stripes in all classes of materials, in the expensive and cheap grades, many of the designs of the expensive goods being reproduced in the low-priced.

Mr. Wanamaker displays a woolen pekin or striped material in all the popular spring shades; the stripes are narrow, one being of satin and the other of plain wool. These are called woolen satteens, and are very effective for a costume used in connection with plain cashmere. Another style of similar quality has tiny bouquets of flowers, or a small chintz design in one stripe. There is a large variety of thinner woolen materials with an open, loose mesh; these are in plain colors or stripes, and seem especially adapted to requirements of the seaside or mountain toilette; they are also shown in the light shades of cream, French gray, rose, and blue and white, suitable for dressy toilettes.

I noticed at Mr. Wanamaker's a variety of lovely woven cloths, soft and light in texture, with a flannel appearance, and especially adapted to traveling dresses. The foulards are very lovely, and are shown in such variety of colors and designs as indicate the popularity they will hold for Summer costumes. They are shown in various colors, including black, and the design varies from a small polka dot to a very large variety of flowers in small bouquets, or single buds. The variety of percales, zephyr cloths, and low-priced prints is very pretty this season, and reproduces many of the designs of expensive materials. Some of the prints, at 12 1-2 cents, and 6 1-4 cents a yard, displayed by Mr. Wanamaker, are almost exact counterparts of the mouie cloths which are 40 cts. a yard. The grounds are delicate flecked shades of gray, blue, cream and biege, with the surface covered with tiny bouquets or single flowers with long stems and shaded olive green leaves. The bouquets are in stripes with very small single flowers between, or in small clusters; the colors are bright, and harmoniously arranged, and they wash well, which qualities will make them popular for dresses among those who patronize wash materials extensively; and they can be made into lovely morning dresses with a pretty garniture of Ragues lace, or Hamburg work, and flots of ribbon.

Another material, which is more a restoration or revival of an old popular one than a novelty, is the embroidered muslin which has appeared in great variety; but I can give my readers a more graphic description of the material, by recalling to their minds the English barages with small figures embroidered or woven on the surface, which were so popular a few years ago. White seems to be the predominant ground; and on this is woven a small design in dots, or geometrical figures of some contrasting color; shades of blue, red, pink, black and yellow, are among the variety; they wear well, and make lovely Summer dresses, suitable for grown persons or children.

The designs in silk gauze and damasses are very rich and beautiful, the majority of them display stripes of bright contrasting color in satin or velvet, with but a narrow gauze stripe between. The gay colors are introduced in bouquets, solid blocks and clusters of stripes of different colors.

The organdies and muslins are also lovely and seem almost fragrant with the flowers scattered over their surface, which is a pale shade of blue, rose, gray mauve and wool browns. The flowers are wild roses, pink or yellow, with shaded leaves or a delicate tracery of blue forget-me-nots mingled with long-pointed olive-green leaves over a pale blue surface. Another variety has a design composed wholly of leaves, in shades of gray or woodbrown and golden yellow.

Although the milliners have not yet had their opening display for the spring, there are indications of a very elaborate variety for one to select from, not only materials but in shapes, and with such a competition it is difficult to assign one form to a leading position. Among some of the latest importations I have seen some very pretty shapes of satin straw; others have alternate rows of satin braid with chip, while fancy lace-like braids are also silk. There is also a variety of colored straws to harmonize with the colored woolen dress materials. Round hats of black or white straw, have high square crowns and a narrow brim rolled up at the sides; these with the turbans and Beefeater seem to be more popular for ordinary wear; the Leghorns with wide rolled brims, or chips with square crowns and brim caught up on the side with drooping brim, are for more dressy occasions. The various indentations which are applied to bonnet and hat brims, produce much of the distinctive difference in the general shape by which they can be easily adapted to suit individual faces. There are many lovely novelties shown in bonnet trimmings.

Among the prettiest novelties are the brocaded ribbons, pale blue, cream, and rose, or white, covered with tiny flowers, roses, forget-me-nots, and leaves predominating.

Breton lace will be used as trimming on bonnets made up of the materials described; it will be fashionable in cream, white, ivory, and the bleached shades now in vogue as plaitings for the back of the crown, as Alsacian rosettes for the top, and as an edging for tulle strings.

Flowers and feathers will be used, small clusters of feathers, or long plumes. The willow feathers have been restored to favor ornamented with straw pendants and buttons. There is also a variety of marabout clusters with a small bird nestling in the centre. The flowers are in lovely combinations of moss, heather and small buds and blossoms. Large single flowers will be used without leaves, more especially chrysanthemums and roses. Both of these are very large and full; the petals are soft, and more like the crush rose, and are generally used in wreaths around the crown; they combine shades of pink, the pale yellow rose, the jacqueminot, the marechal Neil, and the rich, creamy tinted tea rose.

Novelties are being daily brought forward in sun umbrellas and parasols. An entirely new style is the "polka dot borders," which are destined to share the honors with the "Pekin stripes." Polka dots were introduced in coaching parasols last season, but the polka dot borders are the latest novelty. They are of satin in a variety of colors, and the borders show alternate rows of stripes and polka dots. Those in navy blue, the fashionable greens and black satin with white dots, with satin stripes and polka dot borders, are particularly attractive. These are all finished in choice handles of pearl or ivory in a variety of designs, tipped with gold and otherwise ornamented. A very pretty and economical parasol is in black satine, with satin stripes and satin borders.

Crystal is the leading novelty this season in the way of ornament. The new crystal is, however, very different from that which has sometimes borne the same name, since it has nothing of pearly whiteness, but it is clear, like glass, being, indeed, nothing more than glass cut and fashioned into various shapes. It is conspicuous in millinery on belt clasps and pins of various styles. New ornaments for the hair show heavy balls of crystal fancifully disposed, one of these being three globes set each on the end of a silver cross. Silver is the favorite metal employed in combination, and although gold with crystal is seen, it is used to a limited extent only when compared with the first-named material. New silver combs are finished by large crystal balls, and again is found a single ball of crystal, about the size of an ordinary marble, attached to a pin, which is run into the hair, while similar balls are set upon long gilt or silver hairpins.

In conclusion, let me add a word about spring wraps for ordinary wear, for which purpose Mr. Wanamaker has a variety of coats beautifully made, and of excellent material at very low prices. Of corduroy, they are $11, and light ribbed, or diagonal cloth, $6 to $9, while there are some for $4 50 made of dark gray cloth, with threads of black and cardinal faintly visible. The edges are stitched, and large buttons trim the cuffs, pockets, and the front.

Fireside Chat.

CONTINUATION OF MISS DODS' COOKING LECTURES.

SWISS RISSOLES.—In the preparation of rissoles the demonstrator used a half pound of apples, three ounces of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, eight ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, one gill of cold water, one egg, two ounces of Sultana raisins and a small pinch of salt. Place the lemon juice and two ounces of sugar in a saucepan and boil together; add the apples, cut in small pieces, and the raisins, and cook for a half hour; then turn out on a plate and allow it to stand until quite cold; put the flour on a board, add the butter and another half ounce of sugar, and mix well together until they look like bread crumbs; add a pinch of salt and drop into the centre the yolk of egg; make to a dry dough with a gill of cold water; knead firmly together and roll out about the third of an inch in thickness; cut the dough into square pieces; beat up slightly the white of an egg and brush the squares of crust with it; into each of the squares put a little of the mixture which was allowed to get cold; double each crust together and press the edges firmly together; put into an oven for twenty minutes, the white of egg remaining and balance of the sugar are used afterwards; when the rissoles are ready brush the tops with the whites and dust over the other half ounce of sugar; return to the oven for one minute to dry the egg, and serve.

Milk Rolls.—These require one pound of flour, an ounce of butter, an ounce of sugar a teaspoonful of yeast powder, and nearly a pint of milk. First put the flour in a basin, and add to it a pinch of salt, ½ oz. of the sugar and the butter. Mix well together until the flour is quite smooth. Add the yeast powder, mix again, and then add the milk, regulating the quantity so as to make the dough as dry as possible; turn out on the board and knead as quickly as possible, because the yeast-powder must get under the action of the heat as soon as it is wet. Cut the dough, when kneaded, into six or eight pieces, draw each piece into a long shape and cut it twice across the top. Put the pieces into a slightly floured baking tin, and bake them for fifteen minutes in a very hot oven. Then brush them over with a little egg or milk, and dust over them a half ounce of sugar. Return them to the oven for one minute and serve.

Scotch Scones.—These are an excellent tea-cake, and are made with one pound of flour, one ounce of butter, large pinch of salt, a very small teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one ounce of sugar, one pint of new milk. Put the flour and butter together, adding the salt and a half ounce of the sugar; put in a plate the soda and cream of tartar. Add the latter, when mixed, to the flour and butter, and make a very wet dough with the milk; flour the board and knead the dough until it will roll out; cut in two and roll each half to an inch in thickness, making them round, and cut crosses on the top; bake the scones in a moderate oven; use soda to raise the scones, and the cream of tartar to neutralize the discoloring property of former.

To finish the scones take the yolk and a little milk and brush them over; then sprinkle over them the remaining sugar, put in the oven long enough to dry.

Miss Dods stated that her recipe for scones was given to her personally by Tibbie Shields, who figures in Sir Walter Scott's novels, and who frequently made these very scones for the great novelist during seasons of the year when he was in her locality fishing. Tibbie Shields died a year ago, aged ninety-eight, and Miss Dods got the recipe two summers before her death.

Sweet Omelette.—In making a sweet omelette Miss Dods used the yolks of two eggs, the whites of three eggs, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, and one half-ounce of butter. The sugar and vanilla were mixed with the yolks of two eggs and beaten until the mass resembled thick cream. A pinch of salt was sprinkled into the whites of three eggs which were whipped into a very stiff froth. The yolks and whites are then carefully mixed together, and are poured into a pan in which the half ounce of butter has been melted. Place over the fire for one minute until the bottom of the omelette becomes firm, and then bake for five minutes in a very hot oven. The omelette should be served at once. On removing the pan from the oven Miss Dods turned the omelette quickly upon the plate and folded it double, after sprinkling sugar upon it.

Grenadines of Veal.—In giving directions for the preparation of this dish, Miss Dods said get veal from the fillet—the upper part of the leg. Cut this into pieces about the size of the hand, and then prepare the dressing. For this she required two ounces of butter, a small quantity of pepper and salt, one-half ounce of flour, one-half pint white stock, half dozen mushrooms, one large tablespoonful of cream, and dessert-spoonful of chopped parsley. Having just melted the butter the veal is placed in the pan and allowed to cook five minutes, turning it but once. Cut the mushrooms into slices, and dry the parsley leaves by twisting tightly in the corner of a towel, and chop finely. Miss Dods says parsley does not chop well unless it is dry, and when it is not dry it colors soups, etc. Stir into the butter in which the veal is cooking one-half ounce of dry flour; mix well, turn the meat, and add half point of boiling stock. The white stock was made by boiling in cold water the small pieces trimmed from the entiets. After it has come to a boil, it should be placed on a slow fire and allowed to simmer for half an hour. At the boiling point the meat should be sprinkled with the chopped parsley and mushrooms, and a little pepper and salt. At the end of the half hour the meat is placed on a hot plate, and the cream added to the gravy, which is heated not quite to boiling point. This is then strained carefully over the meat, which is ready for the table.

Welcome Guest Pudding.—In the preparation of this dessert she required four ounces of bread crumbs, one gill of boiling milk, two ounces suet, two ounces sugar, one and a half ounces citron, one and a half ounces sweet almonds, two eggs, and a few preserved cherries. First put on to boil one gill of milk; put two ounces of bread crumbs in a basin; pour over them the boiling milk; allow this to soak for a minute or two; chop finely the suet; beef suet is always used except in the sick room; here mutton suet is used because it is more easily digested; chop finely the almonds which are first blanched; cut the citron in very thin pieces, having removed the hard sugar from the surface. The bread crumbs and milk having soaked, two ounces more of crumbs are poured into it, together with the suet, citron and almonds. In a basin put the yolks of two eggs and two ounces of sugar; the sugar is mixed with the yolks to make the latter lighter. To the whites of the eggs add a pinch of salt and beat to a stiff froth; mix the froth with the yolks of sugar; all the ingredients are mixed together; grease a mould; garnish with a few preserved cherries. Put the mixture in the mould carefully, so as not to disturb the cherries, and steam the pudding for an hour and a half. Leave it in the mould a second before turning it out.

Maccaroni.—Parboil for ten minutes in fast boiling and salted water 1 4lb. of any kind of maccaroni. Drain it well and put it into a saucepan with a little fresh butter, some milk, and plenty of grated Parmesan cheese, black pepper and a little cayenne. Simmer until the maccaroni is cooked to taste turn it out on a hot dish, sprinkle grated Parmesan over, brown with a salamander and serve.

2. ——Boil 1oz. of maccaroni in water, drain it well; put into a saucepan 1oz. of butter, mix it well with one tablespoonful of flour, moisten with four tablespoonsful of veal stock and a gill of cream, add 2oz. of grated Parmesan one tablespoonful of mustard, salt and cayenne to taste; put in the maccaroni, and serve as soon as it is well mixed with the sauce and quite hot.

3. M. a la Creme.—Put a quarter of a pound of boiled and well-drained maccaroni into a saucepan, with an ounce of butter, a gill of cream, and plenty of Parmesan cheese freshly grated, and a dash of pepper; toss it on the fire till thoroughly well mixed, and serve.

4. M. aux Tomates.—Take a quantity of tomatoes, cut them up, and remove from each the pips and watery substance it contains; put them into a saucepan, with a small piece of butter, pepper, salt, a laurel leaf and some thyme; add a few spoonsful of either stock or gravy; keep stirring on the fire until they are reduced to a pulp, pass them through a hair sieve, and dress the maccaroni with this sauce and plenty of Parmesan cheese freshly grated.

5. ——Cut up a quantity of tomatoes, put them into a saucepan containing a little water with a clove of garlic and a few sprigs of thyme, marjoram, basil, and parsley, with whole pepper and salt to taste. When quite done turn them out on a hair sieve and throw away the water that drains from them, then pass them through the sieve. Warm the pulp thus obtained in a saucepan with a piece of butter, and use this sauce to dress the maccaroni, as above.

6. ——Melt a piece of butter of the size of an egg in a sauce pan, add the contents of a common bottle of pure tomato sauce; mix well and then put in pepper and salt to taste, and a small fagot composed of a clove of garlic, a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, another of marjoram, and some parsley. Keep the sauce hot until it is wanted to dress the maccaroni the fagot being removed.

Answers to Inquirers.

W. W. (Platte, Mo.)—You could administer and obtain the money.

JUNO, (Rockingham, N. H.)—The Catholic religion existed previous to the Protestant.

N. EAST, (Preble, O.)—There is no means of removing scratches from meerschaum pipes.

B. E. (Mount Holly, N. J.)—The number of the firm is 258 and 260. In all our dealings we have found them entirely reliable.

I. W. W. (Wolfsville, Ind.)—We do not understand your question in reference to "dollar and half-dollar series." Write again.

T. H. (Bedford, Pa.)—An Anglo-Saxon means an Englishman of Saxon origin. There was such a highwayman as Claude du Val.

S. C. B (Lenora, Kan.)—The numbers you speak of could not be furnished at any price. Your suggestions concerning the stories will be taken into consideration.

W. H. W. (Rutland, Wis.)—Your explanation of the problem is one of the cleverest received. Thanks for your good opinion. Another story by the author you mention will soon be commenced.

I. R. C. (Osceola, N. Y.)—Florence Nightingale is still alive and resides in England; where we cannot say, but probably in London. What her age is of course we do know not but should judge she was something over fifty.

WANETKA, (Mercer, Pa.)—The words "full" and "complete" may sometimes be used so as to mean the same thing, but they usually differ in their signification. Many things may be full which are far from being complete.

I. W. W. (Bell Haven, Va.)—We have never heard anything of the paper you mention and believe it to be a swindle. 2. Your blood is in an impure condition. The eruptions are in nowise dangerous, but you should consult a physician as to their removal.

MARY, (Franklin, Mass.)—When a railroad has such a sudden curve that the outside rail is laid a little higher than the outside one, it is so laid for the purpose of neutralizing the tendency of a vehicle to upset when rapidly swung round a curve.

W. R. (Oswego, N. Y.)—You have no business to seek to court the young lady unless you mean marriage. To go on for several years, as you propose, in a vague, indefinite manner, and then, if you choose, to abandon the young lady, would be a most outrageous proceeding.

NIMROD, (Ninevah, Ind.)—You should make a clean breast of it to the young lady, and to her parents also. Tell them just how you are situated and just what you want, and "throw yourself on their indulgence." You would probably get matters adjusted to your satisfaction by taking such a course.

P. H. L. (Phila., Pa.)—When two men, who are about to enter into partnership, cannot agree as to whose name shall stand first, the best is for them not to enter partnership. Men who begin to quarrel at such an early stage of their business would be likely to have an inharmonious time of it all through.

I. P. P. (Thompson's X Roads, Va.)—The present plague arose in Russia about six months since and was introduced into one of the villages of Asiatic Russia by some soldiers returning from war. Owing to the precautions taken by the government to check the disease the rate of mortality never became very great.

JENNY, (Wilkesbarre, Pa.)—We cannot see how a mere accidental likeness between you and a young gentleman should have anything to do with your being united. If he has paid you proper and respectful attention with the sanction of relatives and parents, you may then take the matter into serious consideration.

F. D. D. (Letcher, Ky.)—It is better, when your son comes to you and asks you to do a sum for him not to do it, but to put him in possession of the principle by which he may solve the difficulty. When you have put him in possession of that principle, he can apply it himself, and is no longer dependent on you for help.

PHILADELPHIAN, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The Civil Rights Bill gives colored citizens exactly the same rights and privileges concerning accommodation at hotels, places of amusement, etc., as are possessed by the white. Should they be refused him he has his remedy in an appeal to the law. The turned down corner of a card indicates that it is intended for more than one member of the family.

L. S. (Mount Level, Ala.)—The difference of so few years in the case should not prove any obstacle to your marriage with the lady. If you were a younger man it might make a sentimental impediment, but as it is there should be none at all. 2. Character cannot be judged from handwriting, but in your case at a venture, we should say you are of a hasty, nervous temperament, and somewhat careless.

G. BYRON, (Jewell, Kans.)—If you want to stand well in the estimation of the young lady, you should do whatever you think will promote that object; otherwise, do nothing. Some persons seem to be as strenuous on unimportant points of etiquette as the household of the invalid French king were, when they let him roast nearly to death before a hot fire, because the right official did not happen to be present to pull him away.

W. H. W. (Harrison, Ind.)—It is probable that you must be content with your own solution of your problem, as the answers we have received are very much at variance. As a sample we give that of H. F., Varneyville, Ind., who makes it that A should get 70 cents and B 10; and Cripples, Coal Branch, N. S., who says they should receive 30 and 30 cents respectively. The former also sends the following for solution: Two men, A and B, met to trade horses. A asked one hundred dollars to boot, and B asked thirty dollars to boot. At length they agreed to split the difference. What was the difference?

B. F. F. (Oakwoods, Tex.)—In the only existing specimens of Shakspeare's signature which are regarded as genuine he himself spells his name in three different ways. Therefore if he was uncertain about the matter it is only natural that others should be undecided. A book was published in this city some years since showing how the name could be spelled over seventeen hundred different ways. And to make the matter more confusing there is no guide for philologists in the case as the name is derived from the French Jacques Pierre—James Peter—thus offering equal authority for any form of the name you should choose to use.

B. K. (Mount Surrat, Pa.)—The deepest mine in the world is said to be the Adelbert lead and silver mine in Austria, which is 3,280 feet. The next is the Viviers coal mine in Belgium, 2,847 feet. It was sunk to the depth of 3,356 feet, but no coal having been found the working is at the former level. The next deepest mines are the Dukirk colliery in Lancashire, England, 2,854 feet, and the Rosebridge in the same locality 2,455. The deepest mine in this country is the Yellow Jacket of the Comstock Lode. It is now 2,500 feet below the surface at the mouth of the main shaft. The Savage stands second on the list, and the Imperial the third, both being nearly as deep as the Yellow Jacket.

W. W. H. (Spartanburg, S. C.)—The rule of the mechanics applicable in such cases is to multiply the power by the radius of the wheel. The power ten, multiplied by the radius in the ten-foot wheel, five feet, would give a result of fifty. The power twenty multiplied by the radius in the twenty-foot wheel would therefore give a result of two hundred. The difference in these figures is the rate of increase. 2. Edison's plan for utilizing the power of Niagara Falls is probably to drive immense magnetic motors, which generating electricity to be sent over cables, will accomplish the named results. 3. In the electric light carbon candles are used for regulating the flame. Charcoal is nearly pure carbon as is also the rarest of precious stones—the diamond.

W. P. W. (Marion, Fla.)—1. As there are 5,760 grains in a pound Troy and the weight of the gold dollar is 25 and 8-10 grains, you can easily make the calculation. 2. The sweet potato differs principally from its white cousin in an excess of saccharine or sugary matter. Doubtless this and the yellow coloring principle cause the results you mention. 3. Tan is simply a burning or scorching of the skin produced by the sun's rays. The process although not so palpable to the senses is much similar to the scorching of clothes by a hot fire. There are people who never tan. 4. Some cows have lived to be twenty-five and thirty years old. 5. There are some twenty active volcanoes in the number but we have not the space to give there names and localities. 6. Vesuvius, stromboli, Mount Hecla, Kilauea and Popocatapetl are among the most prominent. 7. Diamonds are found principally in India and Brazil. They are never found but in soil of peculiar formation. Send the pebbles for examination to some lapidary or geologist.